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IT is rather more than a year since we drew somewhat largely upon a lively and interesting publication by M. d'Ideville, who had been a French *attaché* at Turin in the days of Cavour, and had given us some very graphic sketches of some of the men by whose means the Italian Kingdom was "made." Later on, M. d'Ideville was removed to Rome, and his second volume, in which he relates so much of what he saw and heard in the Eternal City, was also noticed by us a few months ago.¹ We need not repeat the remarks which we had formerly occasion to make upon M. d'Ideville. His first volume was less altogether pleasing in tone than the second. In the first he was the gay young *attaché*, somewhat dazzled by the character of Cavour, which he has, however, painted in the main truthfully. In his second work he was more serious, and more thoroughly Catholic in his sympathies. Longer residence in Italy, and a more intimate acquaintance with the almost incredible mendacity and pettiness of personal greed which are the chief characteristics of everything that belongs to the mushroom kingdom of which Victor Emmanuel is the nominal head, would have been enough to disenchant him, if, after leaving Turin, he needed to be disenchanted. But beside his experience of the dirtiness of the policy to which, unfortunately, the great power of France was prostituted by the late Emperor, M. d'Ideville had his acquaintance with Rome and Roman persons to help him to a right understanding of the questions of the day. He came across Pius the Ninth and his faithful Minister, Antonelli, and found in them a nobility, honesty, and largeness of view which were perhaps hardly required to make a man forget any admiration he may have felt for Cavour and Victor Emmanuel.

¹ See the MONTH, vol. xix., p. 158 (December, 1873). The former article mentioned above will be found in vol. xviii., p. 242.

M. d'Ideville has now put forward a third volume, which will certainly be as welcome as those which are already known to the public. It contains letters addressed to him by a friend in Rome, evidently belonging to the French Embassy, and relating to the two important periods which belong respectively to the campaign, so to speak, which ended at Mentana in 1867, and to the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese in 1870. The letters have all the cleverness and brightness of the former publications, and they throw far greater light on the events which were passing when they were written than might at first sight be imagined. The author here and there theorizes and speculates—possibly some of the passages to which we refer may have been retouched for publication, but there is nothing to prove this. The reader will rise from the perusal of the volume, not only, perhaps, enlightened as to a good many facts, and amused by more than one anecdote tending to expose the *italianissimi*, and *liberaloni*, but with a definite impression on his mind as to the way in which the catastrophes which have caused so much misery to Italy have been brought about, and as to the rational prospects of the future. In all these matters, which have been the occasion of a very large exercise of the power of Christian prayer, it is but reasonable, on Christian grounds, to expect results which may go beyond the calculations of natural wisdom. But the writer before us gives solid grounds for his own conclusions, and although we may not be certain that the so-called Kingdom of Italy will fall to pieces in the manner which he anticipates—indeed, as a general rule, no such anticipations are ever actually exact—still, no thoughtful reader will question that the results which he seems to expect may be said already to exist in their natural and adequate causes.

It is with some reluctance that we pass over hastily the first part of the letters before us, which relate, as we have said, to those attacks on Rome on the part of the Italian Government which came to an end, for the moment, when the Italian forces—as they really were—under the command of Garibaldi were defeated by the little Pontifical army, assisted by the French, under the walls of Mentana. Our reason for passing lightly over these most interesting letters is that we find their narrative of facts anticipated—as might have been expected—by the careful history of F. Franco, the *Crociati di S. Pietro*, which we made the foundation of the first of

the two articles last year to which we have already referred. The chapters now before us go over the same ground, beginning with a letter dated October 10, 1867, and ending nearly a month later with the return of the victors of Mentana to Rome on the 7th of November. Perhaps the interest is more varied and strained as we read the alternating hopes and fears of the writer, who has evidently no great confidence in the French Ministry, the most influential members of which at the time were M. de la Valette and M. Moustier, and no great faith in the loyalty of the Emperor himself. The danger at Rome was very considerable indeed, and the Government of Victor Emmanuel, which had recently gone through the farce of arresting Garibaldi at Asinalunga, displayed the most Machiavellian want of principle in all its dealings. The idea was, of course, that Garibaldi should lead the way for the royal army, as had been the case in Naples, and that the Government of Florence should interfere by force under pretext of putting down the Revolution. The Garibaldian bands were armed and paid by the Government, and largely recruited from the ranks of the regular army. Indeed, it may fairly be said that the forces which were really defeated by the Pontifical troops were the forces of the Piedmontese King. Everywhere, however, the Papal Zouaves and other forces of the Holy See behaved so magnificently, and gave so warm a reception to the invaders, that they were forced to retire with loss.

This reception was something quite new to the Garibaldians. In the invasion of Sicily and Naples they had never been accustomed to any serious opposition: the commanders of the Neapolitan forces had all been bribed by Cavour, and the guns directed against the invaders were not loaded with ball. Everywhere in the Roman States the fighting was serious, and for serious fighting few of the followers of the robber of Caprera had any taste. Neither was there in any single instance a rising of the people in sympathy with the invasion. Even Viterbo, supposed to be the most disaffected town in the Pontifical States, was left without its garrison, which was engaged in the neighbourhood, and made no sign of revolt. When a disturbance was attempted in Rome, the people concerned in it were strangers, while on the other hand the youths of the best families enrolled themselves as volunteers in the Urban Guard, and the people in the country

villages obtained leave to form their own volunteer forces under the name of "squadriglie," and showed their appreciation of the blessings of Garibaldian liberation by fighting fiercely and resolutely in defence of the Papal rule. Left to themselves, neither the Romans, nor the people in the provinces, would have moved a finger, except to repel the Italians, and the Pontifical forces would have amply sufficed to deal with the Garibaldian bands. But the most painful uncertainty was thrown over the whole question by the detestable bad faith of the Florentine Government, as well as by the miserable hesitation and changes of the Emperor, who was equally afraid of failing to fulfil his compact with the secret societies as to the betrayal of Rome, and of shocking France and Europe by a fresh exhibition of perfidy, such as that which had led to the slaughter of Castel Fidardo. All through these letters there runs the continual apprehension that the Italian army, massed on the frontier under the command of La Marmora, might at any moment cross the boundary and march upon Rome, while it is equally clear that the Emperor's policy was an enigma which few people thought would have an honourable solution. At one time preparations were actually made at the Vatican for the flight of the Pope to Corsica or Bavaria. Pius the Ninth declared that he would not remain in Rome if the Italian army entered it, but that if the Garibaldians came, he would stay with his priests and share the inevitable massacre. Meanwhile, contradictory reports were received from France. At one time there is a new Convention between Italy and France—revealed to the Pope by the kind offices of the Prussian Minister—by means of which a mixed garrison of French and Italian is to occupy Rome. Then there is a report that the French fleet is on its way with troops on board. Then, just at the worst moment of all, after there has been an attempt at Rome itself, one of the Zouave barracks having been blown up, and when Garibaldi was at Terni "organizing" his troops from the royal forces, and his bands wearing out the small Pontifical army by perpetual skirmishes and marches, there comes the intelligence that the Italian Government has so completely satisfied the Emperor of its own honesty and pacific intentions, that the French expedition has been countermanded. The final change of policy in Louis Napoleon was probably produced by a knowledge of the intense feeling of indignation created throughout France, partly by the aggressiveness, partly by the

odious hypocrisy of Victor Emmanuel and his Ministers; but it appears also that much credit is due to the energy of the first secretary of the French Embassy in Rome, M. Armand, who took care to transmit to France a true version of the events in Rome, which were probably intended by the Florentine Government, when distorted and misrepresented, to furnish it with the pretext for intervention. As it was, if Garibaldi had had the slightest military judgment, he would have been at the gates of Rome before the French arrived, and the battle of Mentana might have been fought under circumstances very far more favourable to him than those under which it actually took place. But the fierce resistance which he met with from a handful of Pontifical soldiers at Monte Rotondo disconcerted him. At all events he lost his opportunity by dawdling.

Before passing on to the second part of the volume, we may as well give our readers one or two extracts from the letters contained in the first. Here is an account, as early as October 11, of the formation of the Garibaldian bands.

Rome, October 11, 1867.

I have just been spending the day at Terni; I wished to judge for myself of the Garibaldian enlistments. It is incredible; the recruiting goes on openly in the public square, before the eyes of the Italian police and the officers of the garrison; the only precaution taken by the volunteers is that, once organized in companies, they leave Terni during the night; four hundred have already started to join Menotti Garibaldi, and two hundred more are to start to-night. It is quite a family arrangement with the garrison; the volunteers give notice to the officers of the route they propose to follow, and these gentlemen take care to send the cavalry patrols in another direction. And to think, my dear friend, that in another fortnight, when the Holy Father is driven from his city of Rome, there will be senators, deputies, journalists in France ready to deceive the country, and to persuade it that the Italian Government has done its duty loyally, and that the Temporal Power has succumbed to the hatred of its subjects! I have been told that it is the want of arms which has hitherto retarded the movement; but it appears that stores have arrived from the Romagna, and that things will progress rapidly. I made inquiries of the Pontifical gendarmes at the station at Orta; they assured me that the province of Viterbo was perfectly quiet, and that there were no more Garibaldian bands there; the whole movement had passed into the Sabina.

Menotti Garibaldi is shut up with nine hundred men in Nerola, a little town in the Papal States on the frontier; Charette, who set out from Rome to pursue him, with two or three companies of his

Zouaves, was not able to come to a serious engagement. It is evident that Menotti Garibaldi, not feeling himself in force, is waiting for reinforcements of men and arms before coming to the attack. It is reported in the city this evening that the Garibaldians have entered Subiaco; Charette is at Tivoli with seven or eight hundred men, and it is thought that there will be no news to-morrow; there is also a report that a battery of the Italian Artillery had *deserted*, and gone over to the Garibaldians, who are in want of cannon.

Two hundred and fifty Garibaldians left Naples by the eight o'clock train of the 9th of October. You see that the bands mean to enter on all sides; and if this movement is not checked, the Government of the Holy Father will, in a few days, be obliged to abandon the provinces, in order to concentrate its troops at Rome. This morning I was anxious, and I paid a visit to the Minister of War. All the towns are perfectly quiet, Rome at the head; but we must be prepared for everything, General Kanzler told me, since we had proofs of the connivance of the Italian Government with the Garibaldians. The *Gazzetta d'Italia* announces La Marmora's nomination as Commander-in-Chief of the Italian troops collected on the frontier; if this nomination takes place, it is considered here as a sure sign of the occupation of the provinces by the Italian army. In that case the Pope will leave Rome; preparations for departure are being made at the Vatican, and a person about the Court, who happened to be at Kanzler's house, assured me that so soon as the Italian troops entered the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Pope would retire to Malta or Bavaria, after issuing a *memorandum* to Europe, which is already drawn up.

A little further on, we find a characteristic anecdote of Mgr. de Mérode.

For some time, then, from the present we must expect to read and to hear some good big lies: for what in the world can our Government be relying on to let the Italians act in this way? The people are not rising: the Pontifical troops are doing their duty admirably on all sides; and the bands of brigands who invade the Pope's territory are repulsed in every direction. I really cannot tell you how entirely admirable the conduct of our friend Armand is. He writes the truth, and nothing but the truth, to his Government. Imagine the embarrassment of the Marquis de la Valette: when they have made the blunder at Paris of letting the Pope be robbed of two or three provinces, they will not be able to show a single letter from their *chargé d'affaires* at Rome speaking of the wish of the people to be annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. La Villestreux, also, is said to be acting very honourably at Florence. It is by the permission of Providence that the La Valette Ministry is represented at Rome and Florence by honest men, who are doing their duty, and who will, perhaps, save the Papacy. Yesterday I saw Mgr. de Mérode. He is for very sharp and short measures with

regard to the Government of Florence and the Garibaldians. "I wish," he said to me, "that Cardinal Antonelli would send to Terni (the residence of the general holding the command of the troops appointed to 'protect' the Pontifical States) a staff officer, bearing a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian troops. In this letter the Cardinal should state that some bands of armed men have attacked certain villages on the frontier, robbed the municipal coffers, pillaged convents, and that after a conflict with the Holy Father's troops, several of these banditti were made prisoners. The Cardinal should add, that before deciding on their fate, he wishes to know whether they are claimed by the Italian Government as soldiers or volunteers bearing arms by its authority or with its consent; in which case war would be declared between the two States: if, on the other hand, the Italian Government should refuse to acknowledge the prisoners, then they are common brigands, and the Pontifical Government will order them to be shot, following the example of General Cialdini in the Kingdom of Naples. You would see," said Mgr. de Mérode, "that after we had shot some ten of them, the bands would disappear as if by magic."

Here is the account of the night of October 25, when the barracks of the Zouaves were blown up.

Armand had invited us to dinner, and the Commandant Parmentier, the two Hennessys, and I were at his house at seven o'clock, when the fifth guest, the Comte de Résie, arrived. He told us that as he was leaving his house, the dragoon officers on duty at the War Office informed him that it was certain there would be firing before the evening was over, and advised him to return in good time. Résie added, that the women were attacking a baker's shop in the Piazza di Trevi, in the fear that they might not be able to leave their homes the next day; and, lastly, that when he asked one of the heads of the Liberal party, whom he met in the Piazza di Trevi, what was the occasion of this panic, he had urged him strongly not to be in the streets too late, as it would not be very safe in certain parts of Rome after the *Ave Maria*.

"In that case," said Résie, "allow me to hope that you may not be killed or wounded in the scuffle; for, knowing what your opinions are, I imagine you are on your way to place yourself at the head of the rioters."

"I!" replied the *Liberalone*. "I am going home; and whoever finds me in the streets of Rome after the *Ave Maria* will be very clever. I shall be barricaded in my house, where I am provisioned for some days, and I shall not leave it till I have seen from my window the flag of our independence waving over the Campidoglio."

"That is all very well," returned Résie; "and I admire your prudence. But if all the Liberals act like you, who will head the insurrectionary movement, and who will be your soldiers?"

"Ah! we must distinguish," answered my Roman. "I belong to the moderate party, and it is the leaders of the party of action who are at the head of the rising. As to the army, *è tutta canaglia pagata*."

The story was worth telling, was it not? It describes the whole of this Liberal Roman camp, which you know so well.

"Come, gentlemen," said Armand, "let us set down to dinner. We must hope that all the Liberals are of the same sort as Résie's friend, and that they will leave our poor friends, the soldiers, in peace for the evening."

At about half-past nine, we were having a game at piquet in the smoking-room, when the Baron d'Ottensfels was announced.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, as he came in, "do you know the news?"

"No; what is it?"

"What, don't you know that those wretched assassins have blown up the Serristori barracks? I know no particulars, but Mgr. de Mérode, from whom I have just parted at the Austrian Embassy, told me that they had lain a train under the Zouave barracks, and that one whole wing has been destroyed, burying fifteen Zouaves in the ruins. There has been an attempt at a riot, too, at the Capitol; they tried to drive off the sentries, but the Swiss Carabineers, who were on guard, dispersed the rioters. The city seems perfectly quiet now; patrols are going about the streets, and I was stopped by the soldiers three or four times on my way here."

"What you tell us is very serious, my dear Baron," said Armand; "we are tricked by Ratazzi, and the Emperor must know what is going on here, at all hazards; if, alas, it is not already too late. I will go to Mgr. Berardi, who will be sure to know some particulars; and do you, Résie, have an engine ready for me at once. I shall start for Civita Vecchia in an hour."

Armand returned from the Quirinal about eleven. We were expecting him impatiently. Mgr. Berardi had confirmed the truth of all that we had been told by the Baron d'Ottensfels. It seems that there were attempts at riot in several places, but they were put down everywhere. So far Mgr. Berardi had no precise details. Armand then left us to go to Civita Vecchia, intending, he told us, immediately on his arrival, to send off to Bastia a French advice-boat, which has her steam up in the port of Civita, and by this means to despatch a telegraphic message, informing the French Government of what is going on in Rome.

One of the incidents of the time of alarm in Rome, which could hardly have taken place out of Italy, was the half insolent half comical episode of the fictitious petition to the Pope to allow the entrance of the Italian troops. It was the most barefaced imposture that can be imagined, and yet it found ready acceptance as a truth. Here is its history.

I do not think that I have told you the story of a petition signed with twelve thousand names, which the municipality of Rome had been charged to present at the Vatican, in which the *Senatus populusque Romanus* begged the Pope to request his faithful ally, Victor Emmanuel, to be so kind as to let his worthy troops occupy Rome. This is a piece of Italian high comedy. Now you shall hear what I have just been told in the Pope's *anticamera nobile*, where I went for information. Comte Giraud, of the municipal council, with three of his colleagues, belonging, like himself, to the Liberal party, requested the Holy Father's permission to present a petition to him. The Pope ordered this deputation of the Roman Senate to be admitted, and after reading the request which had been intrusted to them to deliver, he asked Comte Giraud and his three acolytes to hand him the *istanza*, signed by twelve thousand six hundred Roman citizens, and desiring the entry of the Italian troops in Rome, which these gentlemen pretended to have received. Comte Giraud grew confused at this, and at last told the Holy Father that the *istanza* was anonymous, and had been given to him by a *facchino*, who had received it in the street from a gentleman he did not know. The Pope then dismissed this curious deputation, and Comte Giraud went home out of countenance, and alarmed for the safety of his money-box, which might run some risk of being fingered by the Garibaldians. This story of the petition of the twelve thousand citizens has gone the round of Rome, in a hundred different versions, and I can easily guess the opinions of people from their way of telling it.

The writer, though very anxious for the honour of France, takes great pains to prove that Garibaldi was really put to flight by the Pontifical army—in fact, that he took to his heels early in the day of Mentana. Here is the proof.

On the 3rd of November, at four o'clock in the morning, a column of five thousand men, consisting of three thousand Papal and two thousand French troops, left Rome under General Kanzler's command, to go to re-take Monte Rotondo, and make an end, once for all, of the Garibaldian army, which continued to occupy a position on this side the Teverone. The Pontifical Zouaves, who formed the vanguard of this little army, were, at about half-past twelve, four kilomètres beyond the village of Mentana, when they were attacked in a hollow way by the Garibaldians, who lay in ambush on the wooded slopes of the road. The battle lasted till night, the Pontifical troops driving the Garibaldians before them, who retired into Mentana behind strong barricades which guarded the entrance. At about half-past three the Pontifical troops had already gained more than two kilomètres of ground in the direction of Mentana, when General de Polhès called attention to the fact that the battalion of foreign chasseurs had advanced

too far, and was on the point of being surrounded by a strong Garibaldian column; it was not till then that the French were ordered to take part in the action, and, by the command of General de Polhès, Colonel Frémont, of the first regiment of the line, hastened to extricate the Pontifical battalion of foreign chasseurs, whilst Colonel Saussier, of the twenty-ninth, executed an attacking movement on the left. At half-past five all the Garibaldians were driven back into Mentana, where the first houses were occupied by Commandant Fouchon, of the fifty-ninth line regiment, and by the Pontifical Zouaves; the field of battle was gained, and Mentana completely invested.

Such was the state of things on the evening of the 3rd. Kanzler, now sure of success, proposed on the morning of the 4th to carry the strong position of the Castle of Mentana, when Polhès, who is an old African campaigner, remembering how the French army was stopped before a little fort at Zaatcha for forty days, very wisely advised sending to Rome for fresh troops, and especially for artillery, so as to spare his men. Our good friend, General Dumont, commanding the Roman division, received this request at midnight. He collected all the French troops at his disposal, and set out for Mentana, where he arrived at seven o'clock on the morning of the 4th, reaching headquarters just in time to receive the Garibaldian messenger who came to propose the surrender of Mentana. The losses of the Garibaldians were considerable; they are estimated at about twelve hundred men *hors de combat*. De Polhès told me that the chasseur did fatal execution. We, too, have sustained some sad losses on our side; Captain de Veaux, of the Pontifical Zouaves, was shot in the heart at the head of his company; we have three French officers wounded, three killed, and forty men wounded; the Pontifical troops have forty killed and a hundred wounded.

Now, let us coolly examine the part played by General Garibaldi, the hero of two worlds! In the course of the 1st of November, Garibaldi had received official information of the arrival of the French at Rome; he would not believe it, and the person commissioned to bring this news to him at Monte Rotondo, had to declare over and over again that they were French regiments, not soldiers of the Roman legion, who entered Rome on the 30th of October.

Garibaldi was thunderstruck; he could not understand how it was that King Victor Emmanuel, who had sent him money and men the day before to carry on his enterprise, was no longer at one with his old ally, the Emperor Napoleon. Seeing, therefore, that there was nothing more to be done in the direction of Rome, he resolved to turn his course towards Tivoli, where the left wing of his army, under the command of Colonel Pianciani,² was posted; some say to disband it, others with the intention of marching upon Naples, taking possession of it, and proclaiming the Parthenopean Republic. However this may be, the day of the 2nd of November was spent in preparations for departure, and on

² Colonel Pianciani is at this moment Mayor of Rome.

the morning of the 3rd the army was marching upon Tivoli, and had already passed the village of Mentana, which lies on the Monte Rotondo road to Tivoli, when the scouts made out the Pontifical army breakfasting in a large meadow situated at the crossing of the Via Nomentana and the Via Tiburtina. Garibaldi made his army wheel about, and drew it up in a very strong position to await the Pontifical army. The attack began, as I told you before, at half-past twelve, and at *two o'clock* Garibaldi, escorted by a numerous staff, was crossing the principal street of Mentana, going towards Monte Rotondo, and urging his men to defend themselves to the death. Garibaldi, therefore, fled before the Pope's soldiers, not only before the French soldiers charged, but even before he knew that the French were at Mentana. But, you will say, how is all this to be proved, and how are the Italians and French to be disabused of their belief in the skill displayed by Garibaldi on this occasion? Nothing is more simple. It is only necessary to consult the *Riforma*, the official organ of Garibaldism, and to read in No. 156, of the 6th of November, 1867, the account written by M. Crispi, member of the Italian Parliament, describing Garibaldi's arrest after Mentana to his dear friends. I translate the first phrase of this precious account. "My very dear friends,—Yielding to your pressing entreaties I went, on the 3rd of November, to the camp of the volunteers. I reached the bridge of Correse at five in the evening, and there heard that the General would not be long arriving—in fact he did arrive at about seven, at the head of five thousand men, young, picked troops, burning with desire to return and fight under the walls of Rome."

Here, then, is a fact gained for the cause. Garibaldi reached Correse at seven in the evening. I resolved to drive, as Garibaldi did, from Monte Rotondo to Correse. I did so on the 9th of November, in splendid weather and on a very dry road. It took me three hours. It is, therefore, perfectly allowable to believe what all the authorities of Mentana and Monte Rotondo told me, namely, that Garibaldi passed through Mentana at two, reached Monte Rotondo at a quarter-past two, started again at three, and took four hours to march, with five thousand men, to Correse. Besides, I questioned the station master at Correse, who confirmed the hour given by M. Crispi, and showed me the room in which the illustrious hero condescended to rest.

For a time, then, France was saved the shame of a perfidious abandonment of the Church, and Europe was spared the scandal of a Garibaldian conquest of Rome. When we remember that the Emperor was in truth on the side of Garibaldi, that the Empress, under the influence of M. de la Valette, had given up the cause of the Church, and that the French Ministers themselves were in the plot, it seems as if too much could hardly be said for the energy and promptitude

with which the French Secretary at Rome acted in taking away from his own Government all excuse for pretending to believe the falsehoods which were transmitted from Florence as to the state of affairs, on which it was intended to ground the intervention of the Piedmontese army. The incident of Mentana is one of the bright spots in the disgraceful history of Italy during the last half-century. For the time, Rome was saved, and the preservation of Rome guaranteed a longer lease of existence to the already decrepit, because utterly corrupted, French Empire. For two years and a half more Count Bismarck and the German military chiefs went on ripening their plans. Meanwhile, a great parade was made in France of the reorganization and improvement of the army. The favourite Generals and Ministers enriched themselves at the expense of the contractors, who in their turn plundered the State. The Church, too, had time to make her preparations for a period, long or short, we cannot tell, of trial, persecution, and suffering of every kind. The world saw, what a year or two before no one had ever expected—the bishops of the Catholic Church assembled in Ecumenical Council around the throne of St. Peter. What could not have been possible under any other circumstances, what Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and Louis Napoleon would have prevented if they could, the courageous men who fought at Mentana and procured the intervention of France in 1867, were the Providential instruments to secure. The adjournment of the Vatican Council was hardly a fact, before the scourge of war was let loose upon Europe. Whatever may have been the intentions and designs of the German plotters against peace, even they could never have calculated upon the frenzy and infatuation with which Louis Napoleon hurled his people into conflict with the colossal forces that were lying in silent readiness on the other side of the Rhine. Now was the opportunity for Italy, and the time of trial for France. Italy, as we shall see, had never the slightest hesitation in becoming the humble servant of the Power which would give her Rome. Alas! France, or rather the French Government, was willing enough to sacrifice Rome, and what is still more shameful, because it reveals a flagitious disregard of principle which had no excuse in the necessities of the case, Austria was perfectly ready to bargain for an alliance with France and Italy against Prussia on the same terms of the abandonment of the Holy See. But Bismarck played with

Austrian and French diplomacy as to the support of Italy, much in the same way that Prince Frederick Charles and Count Moltke played with such generals as Le Bœuf and De Failly. We may now turn to the second part of the volume before us, which contains letters written from Rome during some eventful months of 1870, as well as others of a later date.

The earlier letters of this part of the work enable us to follow, from the point of view of a resident at Rome, the intrigues of the various Governments who were in different ways to concur to the spoliation of the Church. First, as early as July 12, Baron d'Arnim, the Prussian Envoy at Rome, whose residence had been a centre of reunion for the revolutionary party, goes off to Florence, Leghorn, and, as it is said, Caprera. He is said to be taking baths, but a Minister of Prussia is not very likely, at such a time, to be thinking of nothing but his health. His "bathing" is said by the initiated to have resulted in a treaty with Garibaldi, who in case of the outbreak of war on the Rhine is to attack the French division at Civita Vecchia—Prussia, of course, supplying him with arms and money. Meanwhile, a counterplot is going on on the other side. Count Vimercati is negotiating an alliance between France, Italy, and Austria. Italy is to supply France with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men—three times as many as her utmost efforts could enable her to place in the field—and, in return for this act of friendship, is to receive full permission to do as she likes with the Pope. After a time, we are told that the Vimercati treaty has completely succeeded; but as, at the same time, the Prussian arrangement with Garibaldi is said to have succeeded also, it remains doubtful which of the two great conflicting forces is to have the honour of Italian support in the war. One thing is quite plain—France, or rather the French Government, the Italian Government, the Austrian Government, the Prussian Government, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and every one else who had anything to say to the practical solution of the matter, all were equally ready to serve their own interests without the slightest regard to those of the Church, and to do so with the most solemn protestations in their mouths that they were acting only on the loftiest and most unselfish motives. In truth, it is difficult to award the palm between the selfishness and the hypocrisy of these exalted persons or powers. Garibaldi

may perhaps be excepted from the charge of hypocrisy, but then Victor Emmanuel more than supplied whatever was wanting on the Italian side in this respect.

On the 27th of July, the Marquis de Banneville announced to Cardinal Antonelli that the French troops were about to withdraw. When Pius the Ninth heard the news, he raised his eyes to heaven with perfect calmness, and said, "Now is the time for prayer, but all will end well." It need hardly be said that the Italians had little intention either of observing the Convention of September, to the observation of which the French Government asserted that they had pledged themselves, or of assisting France with any troops in her war with Prussia. As to any material gain to France from the withdrawal of her troops, there was nothing of the kind, and—to leave out of sight the remarkable coincidence of the withdrawal of the troops and the first German victory—her moral loss was immense and incalculable. The Vatican was assured, as we have said, from Paris, that the Italians had engaged to respect the Convention of September. M. Emile Ollivier, however, speaking on the 28th of July, in Paris, to an assembly of editors of newspapers, made two strange declarations on the subject. The first was, that the evacuation of Rome would draw closer the ties which united France to Austria and Italy. This statement must have been made in the view of an alliance between the three Powers. The second was, that the troops were not to be withdrawn until Italy had given a formal engagement to protect Rome against the Garibaldians and other similar bands. No such promise was ever given. On the contrary, M. Visconti Venosta, the Italian Foreign Minister, declared in the Chamber of Deputies at Florence, on the 31st of July, that the Government simply acknowledged the receipt of the French announcement, without promising to observe the Convention which it had never violated. When we consider how many promises and declarations had been trampled under foot by Victor Emmanuel and his Ministers, it seems almost strange that there should have been any hesitation on their part as to adding as many more as they might be asked for.

Meanwhile, disquiet as to the probable issues of the war seem to have possessed many minds on the French side. The Imperial family was full of anxious forebodings. At the end of July the writer of the letter before us has a word of evil omen to say.

A propos to Germany, you have a colleague here who is not encouraging with regard to the Prussians. I mean Lefèvre de Behaine, he spent five years at Berlin as chief secretary, and it is frightful to hear him talk. He declares that the Prussian army is much better organized, perhaps better commanded than ours, and he foresees many delusions on our part. His conversation upsets all my notions of Germany and the Germans. It seems that these big, good tempered, meek-looking men, are the most deceitful, cunning, and cool rascallions possible: very greedy and dishonest into the bargain, and mathematically capable of the greatest excesses. So much for appearances! Behaine declares that the King of Prussia has at his disposal an army of a million perfectly trained men: in short, it seems that we shall have some trouble in getting to Berlin.

Soon after this date, there is a break of some weeks in the correspondence. Events passed rapidly. The first week of August did not pass before the French had been defeated at Weissenburg, Worth, and Spicheren, and in less than a month from that time came the defeat and surrender at Sedan. It became evident that France must come out of the war vanquished and crippled, and the overthrow of the Imperial dynasty, followed by the proclamation of a Republic, made an impassible gulf between the present and the past. It became no longer worth the while of the Florentine Government to think of keeping any terms with the Power to which Italy owed her existence: and besides, the men of the Revolution and the friends of Garibaldi were now the rulers of France. The only human opponent that could now by any possibility hinder the occupation of Rome, was the King of Prussia, on whom the Italians had already learnt to count, and whose Ambassador at Rome they were able to use as a tool in their attempt to get the Pope to be a party to their crime.

The manner in which that crime was consummated is briefly sketched in the letters before us. First, early in September, very soon after the news of Sedan and of the establishment of a Republic in France, we have the Commendatore Tonello sent to Rome on a secret mission, to bring about some "transaction" between Italy and the Papacy. Tonello soon vanishes, having received a peremptory refusal to his proposals, and his place is taken by Count Ponza de San Martino, the bearer of a letter perfectly streaming with hypocrisy from Victor Emmanuel himself to Pius the Ninth. When Count Ponza de San Martino had his preliminary audience with Cardinal

Antonelli, the Cardinal confined himself to asking in virtue of what right it was that the troops of the King were about to invade the Pontifical territory. He was answered that it was not in virtue of any right, but out of obedience to the national aspirations of the Italian people. The Pope's demeanour to the Italian envoy was equally firm. That same day witnessed a scene which may as well be related in the words of an eye-witness.

The news spread rapidly through the city, and as it was known that the Pope was to be in the Piazza de' Termini at five o'clock, to open the new aqueduct of the Acqua Marcia, all the Roman *bourgeoisie* crowded to the sight desiring to display all their respect and love for their sovereign in a last public demonstration. I was with De Behaine in the thick of this crowd—a purely Roman one, for there are no foreigners in Rome now—well, we never witnessed so warm and spontaneous a demonstration: the Holy Father was calm and smiling, and no one could see on the face of the noble old man a sign of the thoughts which must have pressed on his heart. I returned home deeply moved by what I had just seen, and I shall never forget the day of the opening of the Acqua Marcia.

The Pope at the same time ordered a *triduo* in St. Peter's, to beg of God to take Rome under His protection and prevent the entry of the Italians. Our writer says—

Decidedly, these Italian gentlemen would be very glad not to be obliged to break down the gates of Rome in order to enter, and we now have the certainty that the Baron d'Arnim has no object but that of helping the Italians to obtain this result. Just imagine—M. d'Arnim has this day summoned the *corps diplomatique* in order to get all its members to sign an address to the Holy Father, begging him to let the Italian troops enter without striking a blow, so as to avoid the disastrous consequences which might follow a bombardment. All the Ministers, with Behaine at their head, have energetically rejected this proposal, so the Prussian Minister has had his trouble for nothing.

I was present on Wednesday, at the last day of the *triduum* at St. Peter's. Ah, how I regretted that many of our friends could not witness this demonstration! We have all seen and admired the glorious Christmas and Easter ceremonies in the grand Basilica of St. Peter's: but what is that in comparison with the humble demonstration of the *triduum* of the 15th of September, 1870? All Rome was there, kneeling on the pavement of the church, and singing the litanies, each versicle of which was intoned by the Pope: it was the truest emanation of the Catholic Faith that I have ever been permitted to

witness, and we were all moved to the bottom of our hearts on hearing the aged Pope beseech heaven to protect the City of Rome, and bless its inhabitants. What a scene it was, my dear friend ! and I shall never forget those good Romans saying to me as we left the church—"We prayed for France, too." What a contrast to the Liberals *fêting* the King of Prussia.

I spent the evening at one of the legations, in the company of Romans who had been at the *triduo*, they were all penetrated with the conviction, arising from their religious faith, that the Italians would not enter Rome. It appears that, in the course of the day, the Holy Father, doubtless to reassure some of his friends, said—"Do not be afraid, the Italians will not enter : God will work a miracle."

Meanwhile, the Italian troops had crossed the frontier both on the Neapolitan and Tuscan side, and were rapidly converging on Rome. Civita Vecchia had fallen. The Pontifical troops in the provincial towns had orders to retire upon Rome, after having made sufficient resistance to prove that they yielded only to superior force. This was the principle on which the Pope acted throughout. When M. de Banneville, who had resigned his post as French Envoy, went to take leave as a private person at the Vatican, and asked him if he hoped to defend Rome, Pius the Ninth told him that his little army could not stand a siege, and that while the rivers of France were stained with blood, he did not wish that the waters of the Tiber should be reddened by the blood of his own soldiers, but, he added, he desired that the violence done by Victor Emmanuel should be clearly proved. This is just what the Italians did not wish. They summoned General Kanzler twice, but received for answer that he meant to defend himself. Meanwhile, that no element of shame might be wanting, Baron d'Arnim, already mentioned, arrived in hot haste from Florence. For a moment it seemed to the anxious French Catholics in Rome that they might be about to witness the last humiliation of their country in the preservation of Rome by means of a message from Berlin. Berlin, however, had no such intention. The object of the Prussian envoy was to be as useful as possible to the Italians.

The Baron d'Arnim continues to play the part of mediator between the executioner and the victim : he is in full correspondence with General Cadorna, and often goes out to the Italian camp. Everybody here is indignant at seeing the Prussian Minister using his influence to betray the sovereign to whom he is accredited, and exerting

himself for the success of the hypocritical projects of the Italians. Victor Emmanuel would like to be able to tell Europe that he entered Rome by the will of the Pope; and as Tonello and Ponza di San Martino were unable to obtain any such concession from the Holy Father, M. Lanza had recourse to his good friends the Prussians, who immediately despatched Baron d'Arnim from Berlin with a mission to help on the plans of the Italians, and to get the Pope to commit an act of cowardice. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no good, for in the present Republican state of France it is probable that many of our Republican diplomats would have accepted M. d'Arnim's mission; but I am convinced that such men as Latour d'Auvergne, Sartiges, and Banneville, would never have agreed to play the odious part which the agent of Count von Bismarck has accepted. Besides, Baron d'Arnim acts in perfect concert with all our Roman Liberals, who are inexhaustible in invectives against the Holy Father's "barbarity." These brave gentlemen are trembling lest a stray shot from their Italian friends should hit them in their cellars, and they are furious at the Pope proposing to defend himself. "What are Charette and all these officers of the Legion doing here? Why are they not in France, defending their own country?" was asked of me this morning by one of the most Liberal of our *élégantes*. "Have patience, madame, you may be quite easy about these gentlemen; they know their duty, and after they have defended the Pope, you will see them hasten to defend their country."

We pass on to the day of the siege itself.

The Holy Father, foreseeing what would happen, had, some days before, desired all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign Courts to come to him when they should hear Victor Emmanuel's cannon battering the walls of the Eternal City. The diplomats did not fail to answer this summons of the Sovereign Pontiff; and by half-past six in the morning all the Ambassadors were assembled in the Throne Room of the Vatican. The Pope left his apartments at about seven. He received the homage of those who were present, and invited them to assist at his Mass, which he celebrated in his private chapel amid the din of the cannonade, and the bursting of shells, which were falling even in the gardens of the Vatican. After Mass, chocolate and ices were handed round, after the Roman custom; the Holy Father, who remained praying in his oratory, did not re-enter the Throne Room till nearly nine. He conversed with the Ambassadors, begging them, after the surrender of the city, to call on the Italian general, in order to obtain good conditions for their fellow-countrymen serving in the Pontifical army. The Holy Father's consideration was most touching. "My poor Canadians!" he said suddenly; "who will look after their protection?" At ten, Cardinal Antonelli entered the Throne Room with a despatch in his hand. It was the information given by General

Kanzler that a breach was just opened in the walls of the Villa Buonoparte, to the left of the Porta Pia. The Holy Father gave orders immediately to hoist the white flag, and turning towards the members of the *corps diplomatique*, said: "Gentlemen, you are witness that I yield to violence. From this moment the Pope is the prisoner of King Victor Emmanuel." He then dismissed them, repeating very earnestly the charge concerning their fellow-countrymen who were now prisoners of war of the Italians.

The part played by the Prussian envoy was even more disgraceful than would be imagined from the facts already stated. The writer of the letters before us tells us that he saw Baron d'Arnim ride by the Quirinal, covered with decorations, amid the homage of the mob of ruffians introduced by the Italians, and that he actually had the bad taste to go outside the walls in order to enter the breach in triumph on the horse of a Piedmontese soldier. It was on his authority also that the Official Gazette of Florence asserted the direct falsehood that the resistance made by the Pope was due to pressure put upon him by foreigners—a falsehood which elicited a letter to the Austrian papers from Count Blume, who was in Rome at the time, declaring the statement to be a base calumny, and inviting Baron d'Arnim to contradict the assertion which attributed its authorship to him. The invitation was not accepted by Baron d'Arnim.

Our next extract from these interesting letters must be the account of the Roman *plébiscite*.

Rome, October 4, 1870.

The Roman people, too, have just had their *plébiscite*; and at half-past nine, on the evening of the 2nd of October, the Provisional Government solemnly proclaimed from the Capitol the result of the votes collected on this day of dupes, forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-five Ayes, and forty-six Noes!! Let them have their say! That is for simpletons and fools. Now it will be interesting to you, as a collector of historical documents, to see recorded the manner in which this scandalous comedy has been played—a comedy surpassing in audacity all that could have been conceived on the subject in France and Italy. The Italian Ministry knew perfectly well how little they have to depend on in the enthusiasm of the Romans for the new Government, so they were a good deal disturbed by the calculation that if none but the real electors were summoned to vote, the result of the *plébiscite* would scarcely give from one thousand to fifteen hundred votes of adhesion against fifty thousand of refusal. You may imagine the miserable effect that these figures

would have produced on the minds of foreign Cabinet Ministers, who are very ready to be deceived where the Pope is concerned, but who require these falsehoods, in order to answer therewith the interpellations of their Catholic subjects.

It was necessary then, at all risks, to avoid the *fiasco* which the Romans were preparing for Victor Emmanuel's Government, and to substitute false electors for the true ones who would refuse. To be sure, M. Lanza had in reserve the three thousand *dimostranti*, who had entered Rome on the 20th of September, under the name of *émigrés*, but they were not enough, so he conceived the idea of sending for electors, also under the name of Roman *émigrés*, from all parts of Italy; and as the poor Minister's privy purse was exhausted by "national aspirations," M. Lanza compelled the railway companies to convey gratis all Roman *émigrés* who should appear at the stations throughout the kingdom, provided with cards, handed to them by the prefects and sub-prefects. I leave you to think what a stream of electors we have had arriving the last few days; every train landed on the pavement of Rome from one thousand to twelve hundred Piedmontese, Lombards, Romagnols, or Neapolitans, who were come to visit the Eternal City at the expense of the railway directors. I have been assured that more than ten thousand Italians, strangers to the city of Rome, have arrived in this way. That was as many as the prefects could collect at the rate of two *lire* a day, to make M. Lanza *far buona figura*, a poor addition, after all, to the three thousand *dimostranti* and the fifteen hundred Roman *liberaloni*; but our Home Minister is a man of resources; he has made up for the lack of electors by the multiplication of votes, and in order to get the forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-five Ayes, he made his fourteen or fifteen thousand electors vote at two or three *bureaux*. Nothing was easier than to get a voter's ticket; a Roman friend of mine sent his servant with four Noes to four different *bureaux*; and I have been told that some Germans, by way of amusing themselves on Sunday, procured voting tickets under Italian names, and went in a party to vote at all the *bureaux*.

What passed at Florence about this time hardly falls within the subject of this article; but the description of M. Thiers attempting to induce the Italians to assist France, after France was no longer likely to be of any use to the Italians, is so extremely graphic, that we cannot help quoting it. It forms a fitting pendant to the picture of the hesitation and tergiversation of the Emperor Napoleon the Third at the time of the Garibaldian raids of 1867. If the Government of France had done its duty then, and before that time, we may venture to say that a French envoy would never have had to supplicate an assembly of Italian generals to save France in her hour of need.

Having no title to urge for being received by M. Thiers, I did not request the favour of one of his audiences; but I met him at the Uffizj with Mesdames Thiers and Dosne, escorted by a numerous *cortège* of journalists and savants, acting as *ciceroni*. Well, frankly speaking, I was not pleased with our plenipotentiary; the whole of his small person breathed an air of satisfaction which is scarcely suited to our position. I could see that M. Thiers was greatly taken up with the effect he was producing on the public; he gave his opinion aloud before every picture in the tribune, deciding questions of art with an *aplomb* and assurance which made the artists who were with him smile; and looking over his gold spectacles, every time he stopped, as though to claim the approval of the English and Americans who followed his *cortège*. I will not conceal from you that I was deeply mortified to see the representative of my country showing himself up in this way, before these people who clap their hands at all our defects; and I was much surprised that a man of the reputation of M. Thiers should have chosen such a moment to court these triumphs of vanity in Italy. You will agree that it is the mark of a little mind.

Let us pass on to politics. You must know that M. Thiers, in talking with one of his friends, expressed great surprise that the proclamation of our Third Republic has not produced a greater effect in Europe, and stirred the minds of kings and people more. M. Thiers ought to know that we no longer regard things in Europe from the point of view of republican attempts. All the Governments, since our fine performance of 1848, have taken preservative measures; and the people themselves are very little inclined to make a trial of a form of government which has already succeeded so ill with us. It is only MM. Gambetta, Glais-Bazoin, Crémieux, *e tutti quanti*, who believe that the Prussians will reverse their muskets at the cry, *Vive la République!* or that the English and Russians will force their Governments to aid the insurgents of the 4th of September, for the mere reason that they are Republicans. I will now tell you what passed on the subject of the intervention, which M. Thiers has come to solicit. The King expressed his regret to our Ambassador Extraordinary that he was unable to listen to the voice of his heart, and compelled to play the part of a constitutional king, dependent on his ministry. "You must, therefore, appeal to M. Visconti-Venosta," he added, "and if, as I hope, my Cabinet allows me to hasten to your aid, to-morrow I shall be at the head of my gallant army," &c.

Visconti-Venosta was as liberal of honey as his master of brag. He assured M. Thiers of the favourable dispositions of the Ministry and the Chamber, at the same time pointing out that he could not involve Italy in so serious a conflict without consulting military authorities on its probable issue. A council of war, consisting of the generals of the army and of the commanders of divisions, was then summoned for the evening of the 18th, in one of the rooms of the War Office. There, at

a sitting which lasted from eight o'clock till midnight, M. Thiers explained his plan of campaign. He asked Italy for sixty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were to defend Lyons, and forty thousand to manœuvre in the east, with the army we are forming on the Loire. M. Thiers' eloquence, they say, was splendid. He kept the generals for four hours under the spell of his words. Cialdini, called the *Fulmine di Guerra*, embraced him, and pronounced him the greatest strategist of the day, and all the generals applauded him to such a degree, and made him such promises, that M. Thiers did not hesitate to announce the armed intervention of Italy, as a certain fact, to the persons he received next morning.

Alas! M. Thiers mistook for real enthusiasm what was merely one of those courteous demonstrations of which Italians are most lavish when they mean to grant nothing.

For two or three days the report of the generals was delayed. At length M. Visconti-Venosta called on M. Thiers one morning with tears in his eyes. It was the unanimous opinion of the generals that the plan of M. Thiers offered no chance of success, and that the Italian army ought not to engage in this war.

Here, for the present, we must pause in our remarks on this interesting book, reserving for another article some considerations on a subject on which it throws some little light—the political prospects of the new Kingdom of Italy.

Reviews of Famous Books.

XII.—SIR THOMAS MORE'S "UTOPIA."

PART II.—THE ISLAND OF UTOPIA.

THE island of Utopia, as we gather from Hythloday's narrative, lies between Brazil and India. Whoever wishes to discover Noplace (ὄν, τόπος), may seek it there on the map. The island is in the shape of a crescent, the two horns of which have only eleven miles of sea between them, forming the entrance to a large bay. Round from headland to headland, along the shore of the bay, is five hundred miles. The crescent, in its middle width, is two hundred miles. The figure and dimensions of Utopia would be exactly got by taking England, and the south part of Scotland, rectifying the western coast-line, bending round the two ends towards each other, till Land's End came in sight of the Mull of Galloway, and—if so it must be—removing Ireland.

There are in the island fifty-four cities, each the capital of a county. The capital of them all is Amaurot, standing in a central situation. Every city and county enjoys home-rule, but there is an annual congress at Amaurot, to which they each send three deputies, to determine points of Pan-utopian interest. The people of the same shire have all things in common, one man with another, but the property of shire and shire is kept distinct. Accordingly, the farms up and down the country are State concerns. In every farmhouse there are at least forty inmates, besides two slaves; and for every thirty farms there is a government agent. The order is that twenty of the inmates of each farm should change yearly, having been at the farm for two years. The outgoing twenty return to the county town, and twenty new occupants coming from thence replace them. Any man, however, that is fond of farming can get leave to keep on at the work year after year. This lot is thought hard, but many embrace it. The Utopians breed very few horses, and those only to exercise

their young men. For purposes of draught and ploughing they use oxen, as being able to stand more wear and tear. When these animals are past work, they are sent to the shambles—an arrangement which does not look well for Utopian beef. Poultry are reared in vast numbers; they are hatched by artificial heat, and “the chickens, as soon as they be come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of hens.” Corn is sown “only for bread,” beer and whiskey being unknown. The popular liquors, besides the primitive fluid, are wine, cider, perry, and mead. At harvest-time all the town turns into the fields, and the crops are gathered in, for the common profit, “almost in one fair day.”

The cities in Utopia are all on one plan, both in building and in government. The chief external feature about them, to a London eye, would be the garden, which stands at the back of every house. The householders set great store by their gardens, and vie, each with his neighbour, in the cultivation of them. There are neither locks nor bolts on the doors, as there is no private property anywhere. The very houses change occupants by lot, every ten years. The city has a sovereign prince of its own; under him are magistrates, called *tranibores*, and under them, others, called *siphogrants*. Every thirty families choose yearly their siphogrant. A tranibore is over ten siphogrants. He, too, is chosen yearly, apparently by the siphogrants who are to be under him. A tranibore is re-elected from year to year, unless there be grave reason for discarding him; a siphogrant is not eligible two years running. The prince is elected by the siphogrants, out of four candidates whom popular suffrage proposes. He is appointed for life, on his good behaviour. Who is to be judge of that, does not appear. Every third day, or oftener, if necessary, the prince, the tranibores, and two siphogrants—a fresh couple each time—meet in a council of state. No public measures can be taken till this body has thrice sat upon it. No decision is come to, no discussion even is permitted, on the day of the first reading of a motion. Any private deliberation of a knot of counsellors, apart from the rest, is death for those who engage in it. Matters of primary importance are carried from this council to the general assembly of the siphogrants, and they each take the sense of the thirty families, their several constituents. Some points require to be submitted to the Panutopian Congress.

Every Utopian, male and female, is versed in agriculture, having worked in the fields himself. Besides, every family makes its own clothes. Beyond the work of the spade and of the needle, thus exacted from all, every one, unless specially exempted, must follow some handicraft. This is the chief office of the siphogrants, to see that none be idle. Occupations are generally hereditary, but the entail can be broken in cases where the authorities think that the young heir will do better in another line.

Every one plies his own craft with earnest diligence. And yet, for all that, they are not wearied from early in the morning till late at night with continual work, like labouring and toiling beasts; for this is worse than the miserable condition of bondmen, which, nevertheless, is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving only in Utopia.

The following is the order of a Utopian day. All rise at four a.m. Till six everybody is left to his own devices. At six public labour begins, and lasts till noon. Then they go straight to dinner. Their dinners are "very short," but considering that they all have to dine, the meal can hardly be quite over till one o'clock. After dinner they rest for two hours. Then come three more hours of work, which would be from three o'clock till six. At six p.m. is supper, at which they sit longer than at dinner. An hour's play follows the evening meal, and at eight o'clock in the evening the whole nation goes to bed.

A community, every member of which works regularly nine hours out of the twenty-four for the common profit, is not likely to be in want either of the necessities or of the conveniences of life. To illustrate this, Hythloday puts forward Europe as a contrast. There there are comparatively few workers, and still fewer who are engaged upon any work that is useful.

Consider how great a part of the people lieth idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number; or else, if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this, how great and how idle a company is there of priests, and religious men, as they call them? Put thereto all rich men, specially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen. Take into this number all their servants: I mean all that flock of stout, bragging rushbucklers. Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under colour of some disease or sickness.

The Utopians, on the contrary, press nearly all hands into the workshop, where, after all, there is less work to be done than in Europe, as there is less luxury and waste. Houses are repaired betimes; that saves building. We may presume also that they are not built by contract, with a view to their speedy reconstruction. Dress is very simple and durable; for work hours, leather, which lasts seven years; for going abroad, a cloak is thrown on, of undyed wool, and that lasts two years. Linen is also used, white. Other arrangements of life are on the same scale of primitive simplicity.

We are apt to think, with one of the speakers in Plato's dialogue of the *Republic*, that a commonwealth like that here described should receive the name of Swinetown.¹ We call to mind the impassioned demand of Hamlet—

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep, and feed? A beast, no more.

And certainly, the *Utopia*, in many of its details, lies open to this objection. The writer lays too much stress on manual labour, forgetting that manual labour can produce only material commodities, and material commodities can minister only to animal well-being. He is haunted by an uneasy notion that every man is idle who is doing no tangible good. Also he is too sweeping, too severe, and—if I may use the word without irreverence of Sir Thomas More—too puritanical, in his disregard of the graces and conventionalities of life. You cannot expect a nation of men and women to go about in leather jerkins and blankets. God has given to man, not only a beautiful animal frame, as becomes the divine image, but also a taste for the beautiful; and man insists that the clothes that he wears shall not only cover his nakedness, but shall also, in some proportion and degree, form a proper setting for his person. The Athenian love of art, of thought, of beauty, was sadly wanting in Utopia. It is, indeed, a dangerous love, but the dangers of love are not to be guarded against by mere suppression of what is, after all, the highest, the heavenliest, and the most potent for good, of all natural agencies.

However, the Utopians did attend to education, and that to an extent which, in practice, would have led to the growth

¹ ὄσων τῶλιν (*Rep.*, 372., D.).

of a body of men with the spirit and tastes of Alcibiades, who would have broken through the Spartan institutions where-with they were artificially and unnaturally surrounded. "All in their childhood be instruct in learning." The staple of their instruction seems to be the language and literature of their native country, for "they be taught learning in their own tongue," which is "both copious in words, and also pleasant to the ear, and for the utterance of a man's mind very perfect and sure."² Music, logic, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, are also studied. But the Utopian child is not gorged, boa-constrictor like, in early years, with all the learning that he will have to live upon afterwards. There is no necessity for such a surfeit, for the Utopians, like the Athenian sage, grow old, being taught many things every day.

The better part of the people, both men and women, throughout their whole life, do bestow in learning those spare hours, which, we said, they have vacant from bodily labours.

It has been seen that the Utopians rose at four, and do not begin work till six. In the interval, there are lectures delivered on literary and scientific subjects, affording such a variety as to suit every taste. There would be time for a full hour's lecture every morning. Attendance is not compulsory, but is generally preferred, the alternative being manual labour. A chosen few, designated by the siphogrants at the instance of the priests, and approved by a vote of the people, are wholly set apart for study. Any of the number, however, that belies the hope conceived of him, is remanded to the company of artificers; and conversely, any handicraftsman, whose intellectual capacities attract notice, is promoted into the ranks of the literati. From these ranks exclusively, the priests, the tranibores, and the prince himself, are chosen.

The Utopian households are patriarchal. The "eldest and ancientest father," unless he be superannuated, rules the house. Of the number of inmates some idea may be formed from this fact, that in every house there are by law established at least ten boys and girls of the age of fourteen years and thereabouts. There must not be more than sixteen of them. One would think that ten would be quite enough. The effect of this

² There is a copy of verses, in Utopian, at the end of the book, a philological curiosity.

singular prescription must have been to convert every family into a school. For children of more tender years in a house no figure is fixed, but they must have been on the whole numerous, to keep up the prescribed ten. The ten, however, are not necessarily brothers and sisters, or relations at all. As the sons grow up and marry, they keep their own houses, where their wives live, but they themselves still hang about the family mansion, and submit to the authority of the patriarch. There are not allowed to be more than six thousand of these patriarchates in any one city. The superfluous population are sent out as colonists.³

Every city is divided into four quarters. In the middle of every quarter there is a market-place, where the products of common labour are stored for the common benefit. Thence every householder carries away what he needs, "without money, without exchange, without any gage, pawn, or pledge." Close by, stands the meat market. The cattle are killed outside the city, and washed there, for the Utopians—in the sixteenth century, when the cities of Europe were like so many cesspools—"suffer not anything that is filthy, loathsome, or uncleanly, to be brought into the city, lest the air, by the stench thereof infected and corrupt, should cause pestilent diseases." In every street there are certain large halls. In these halls dwell the siphogrants, each in the midst of the families under him, which are fifteen on either side. The thirty families dine and sup with their siphogrant, at a public table. Any man who wills may take his meals at home, a permission of which no one avails himself that can help it. Adjoining the hall, is the public nursery, where each mother suckles her own child. Thither are gathered all the children of the siphograncy, under five years of age. Above that age, till the time when they marry, the boys and girls are employed to wait at table; "or else if they be too young thereto, yet they stand by with marvellous silence." They eat what is given them while they are serving their elders, and that is all the dinner and all the supper that they get. Eating behind other persons' chairs, going to school, and working with his hands, a Utopian boy is

³ Sir Thomas, in his own family, did something towards realizing one of these Utopian households. The charming picture by Holbein, represents Sir Thomas himself, with Alice his wife, his old father, Sir John More; his only son, John, with his wife Anne; his three daughters, Margaret Roper, Elizabeth Dauncy, and Cecilia Heron; besides four domestics.

evidently not reared in the lap of luxury. At table, the old sit with the old, and the young with the young, two or three together; and the groups of old and young are arranged alternately. "The old men divide their dainties as they think best to the younger on either side of them." There is music every night at supper. A good table is kept, perfumes are sprinkled about, aromatic gums are burnt, and everything is done to make meals pleasant.

Gold and silver are kept by the Utopians solely for foreign commerce. They themselves set no store by them; on the contrary, they apply them to the vilest uses. They are the badges of servitude and infamy, the playthings of children. Convicts in Utopia go about with gold rings on their fingers, gold chains round their necks, golden ear-rings in their ears, and crowns of gold upon their heads. Babies are given diamonds and carbuncles to play with, which they afterwards throw away with their dolls and nuts. Once upon a time there came from a far country to Utopia, three Ambassadors, glittering in gold and jewelry. "Look, mother," said a Utopian youngster, who was past that style of thing, "how great a lubber doth yet wear pearls and precious stones, as though he were a little child still." "Peace, son," replied wise mama, "I think he be some of the Ambassador's fools." Another instance of More's undue depreciation of the usages of society, and want of perception of the reality of conventionalities.

The same anti-conventional spirit betrays him into describing hunting as "the lowest, the vilest, and the most abject part of butchering." In connection with this matter occurs a passage, one of the most elaborate and curious in the book, setting forth the Utopian theory of pleasure. Pleasure, so the islanders argue, is the highest good, the scope and object of all human endeavours, the final goal proposed to man by his Creator. Nature prompts us to take pleasure ourselves and to give it to others. But to live according to nature is virtue. Also all moralists, even the sternest, agree in praising the man who makes things pleasant for those about him. But if it be meritorious conduct to wheel an old woman's chair to the fire, or to buy sweetmeats for a child, because nature incites us to these acts of kindness, is it not also proper, as it is certainly natural, to make ourselves comfortable, provided it be without prejudice to the comfort of our fellow-men? Sometimes, indeed, it is well to deprive ourselves of pleasure,

in order to give to others. But in those cases pleasure is not lost, only transmuted, and that with interest. "It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

Therefore, the matter diligently weighed and considered, thus they think, that all our actions, and in them the virtues themselves, be referred at last to pleasure as their end and felicity.

The qualification afterwards given to this theory is important—

This is their sentence and opinion of virtue and pleasure. And they believe that by man's reason none can be found truer than this, unless any godlier be inspired unto man from heaven.

Robinson here has the marginal heading, "Mark this well." And it deserves to be marked well, because it reminds us that the Utopian argument is irrespective of the Christian revelation, with which the islanders are supposed to be unacquainted. They go upon mere natural grounds. As for the correctness of the conclusion, thus limited in its premises, we may endorse the words of Hythloday, that "whether they believe well or no, neither the time doth suffer us to discuss, neither is it now necessary." But the motives of penance, shown forth in the Passion of our Saviour, altogether alter the question. That they did so, to More's mind, is evident from his practice, both early and late in life.⁴

The Utopian definition of pleasure is, "every motion and state of the body, wherein man hath naturally delectation." The word *naturally* is emphatic here, and is meant to exclude conventional pleasures, such as those of fine clothes, jewelry, treasure, nobility, dicing, and field sports, which the Utopians reckon to be no true pleasures. Beyond this exclusion, not

⁴ "When he was about eighteen or twenty years old, . . . he used oftentimes to wear a sharp shirt of hair next his skin, which he never left off wholly, no, not when he was Lord Chancellor of England. . . . He added also to this austerity a discipline every Friday and high fasting days. . . . He used also much fasting and watching, lying often either upon the bare ground or upon some bench, or laying some log under his head, allotting himself but four or five hours in a night at the most for his sleep. . . . He lived four years amongst the Carthusians, dwelling near the Charterhouse, frequenting daily their spiritual exercises."

These holy religious and he, as they had done penance together, so were they to die for the same glorious cause, within a few months of each other. The day before he suffered, More sent to his daughter "his shirt of hair and his whip, as one that was loath to have the world know that he used such austerity. For he cunningly all his lifetime had with his mirth hidden from the eyes of others his severe mortifications; and now, having finished his combat, he sent away his weapons" (*More's Life of More*, chs. i., xi.).

much is gained by the definition, since the one important word in it, *delectation*, is afterwards defined as signifying "that which by another name is called pleasure." The division of pleasures is more happy, being a remarkable anticipation of modern philosophy.

They make divers kinds of pleasures. For some they attribute to the soul, and some to the body. To the soul they give intelligence, and that delectation that cometh of the contemplation of truth. Hereunto is joined the pleasant remembrance of the good life past. The pleasure of the body they divide into two parts. The first is when delectation is sensibly felt and perceived. . . . Their second part of bodily pleasure they say is that which consisteth and resteth in the quiet and upright state of the body.⁵

The first division of bodily pleasures has two subdivisions, the former taking in the pleasures of the appetites and of the lower senses, the latter those of hearing and sight. For health the Utopians have great care, as they have likewise for medicine.

For though there be almost no nation under heaven that hath less need of physic than they, yet this notwithstanding, physic is nowhere in greater honour, because they count the knowledge of it among the goodliest and most profitable parts of philosophy. For while they by the help of this philosophy search out the secret mysteries of nature, they think themselves to receive thereby not only wonderful great pleasure, but also to obtain great thanks and favour of the Author and Maker thereof, Whom they think, according to the fashion of other artificers, to have set forth the marvellous and gorgeous frame of the world for man with great affection attentively to behold, whom only He hath made of wit and capacity to consider and understand the excellency of so great a work. And therefore He beareth, say they, more goodwill and love to the curious and diligent beholder and viewer of His work, and marveller at the same, than He doth to him, which like a very brute beast without wit and reason, or as one without sense or moving, hath no regard to so great and so wonderful a spectacle.

The passage is worthy of Lord Bacon. We gather from the English of it that the difference between physic and physics,

⁵ Dr. Bain (*The Senses and the Intellect*, in the chapter *Of the Instincts*) lays it down that "states of pleasure are connected with an increase, and states of pain with an abatement, of some, or all, of the vital functions." The pleasures that thus import vitality, he calls "Pleasures of Self-conservation." But the rule, he says, is not rigorous; there are pleasures that do not go hand in hand with health. These he styles "Pleasures of Stimulation." He ranks among them the delights of the senses, and those produced by narcotics and drugs.

or between physician and physicist, was not yet established when the *Utopia* was translated.

The Utopians set the chiefest value on the pleasures of the mind. Of bodily pleasures they prefer health to sensual indulgence.

The which kind of pleasure, if any man taketh for his felicity, that man must needs grant that then he shall be in most felicity, if he live that life which is led in continual hunger, thirst, itching, eating, drinking, scratching, and rubbing.⁶ . . . Wherefore such pleasures they think not greatly to be set by, but in that they be necessary. Howbeit they have delight also in these, and thankfully acknowledge the tender love of mother nature, which with most pleasant delectation allureth her children to that, to the necessary use whereof they must from time to time be forced and driven.

The moral code of the Utopians allows of suicide, divorce, and slavery, under certain restrictions. No one is allowed to kill himself without public authority. But in cases of incurably painful disease, the priests and magistrates recommend the patient to find his way out of this life. The indiscriminate practice of suicide is evidently unreasonable and wrong, as the Utopians understood it was. But when we come to consider whether no case could possibly arise in which the act would be justifiable. We are at sea unless we set before us the doctrine of God's Supreme Dominion over His creatures, by virtue of which no one may interfere with life or death but by His authority. Suicide, in this view, is simply murder, and we need hardly expect the Utopians to be found in intelligent possession of this truth.

The law of divorce appears as follows—

Now and then it chanceth, whereas the man and the woman cannot well agree between themselves, both of them finding other with whom they hope to live more quietly and merrily, that they by the full consent of them both, be divorced asunder and married again to other. But that not without the authority of the council; which agreeth to no divorces before they and their wives have diligently tried and examined the matter. Yea, and then, also, they are loth to consent to it, because they know this to be the next way to break love between man and wife, to be in easy hope of a new marriage.

⁶ "Tell me if a man in a constant state of itching and irritation, provided he have abundant opportunity of scratching himself, may pass his life happily in continual scratching" (Plato, *Gorgias*, 494, C., whose words More no doubt had before him).

Divorces are also granted for adultery, and for the "intolerable wayward manners of either party;" the guilty party in that case living ever after in infamy and single. The Utopians marry, the women at eighteen, and the men at twenty-two; figures which perhaps represent the average age of marriage in England when More wrote.

Breakers of wedlock are reduced to slavery. For other crimes there are no statute penalties: the authority that condemns punishes at its discretion. If these slaves—or convicts, as we euphemistically style persons in their condition—prove unruly, they are put to death "as desperate and wild beasts." The Utopians purchase convict-slaves from neighbouring countries—a surprising bargain: sometimes, which we can more readily believe, they get them "for gramercy." But their most curious acquisition remains yet to be told. There are in other lands freemen so crushed with hard work and drudgery, that they find it worth their while to fly to the happy island, and there give themselves up as slaves. It appears indeed that these refugees are not detained in servitude any longer than they choose to stay, and their lot is not much harder than that of their masters. But the mention of the fact declares what More thought, to wit, that want may and often does lay heavier burthens on a freeman than dominion could impose upon a slave.

Simplicity reigns in the Utopian institutions. The prince and the bishop of each city are not known from the other inhabitants by their dress, but only by a little shief of corn borne before the one, and a waxen taper before the other. The laws, says Hythloday, the mouthpiece of the future Lord Chancellor of England, are very few; so that "in Utopia every man is a cunning lawyer;" and "furthermore, they utterly exclude and banish all attorneys, proctors, and sergeants at the law, which craftily handle matters and subtly dispute of the laws." Neither do the islanders complicate their political relations by making leagues with any of their neighbours, "as though Nature had not set sufficient love between man and man." They are deterred by the bad faith which they witness in the matter of treaties amongst the nations around them. There follows an ironical contrast of European political honesty, as exhibited in the League of Cambray in 1508, and the Holy League in 1511.

There in Europa, and especially in those parts where the faith and religion of Christ reigneth, the majesty of leagues is everywhere esteemed holy and inviolable, partly through the justice and goodness of princes, and partly at the reverence and motion of the head bishops; which like as they make no promise themselves, but they do very religiously perform the same, so they exhort all princes in any wise to abide by their promises, and them that refuse or deny to do so, by their pontifical power and authority they compel thereto.⁷

Hythloday's details of the Utopian mode of warfare present no point of interest, except a long and acrimonious description of a people, the Zapoletes, who are ready in that part of the globe to fight for the highest bidder—unmistakeable likenesses of the Swiss at the date of the battle of Marignano. What he says about religion deserves greater attention. The Utopians adore—some the sun, others the moon, others a star, others a deified man, others, the philosophers amongst them, a Great Unknown. But they all acknowledge one supreme Deity, called Mithra; the only question is as to which of the several objects of worship above enumerated Mithra is. Hythloday found the people apt to receive Christianity.

After they heard us speak of the name of Christ, of His doctrine, laws, miracles, and of the no less wonderful constancy of so many martyrs, whose blood willingly shed brought a great part of the nations of the world into their faith; you will not believe with how glad minds they agreed unto the same. . . . Many of them together accepted our religion, and were washed in the holy waters of Baptism. But because among us four—for no more of us was left alive, two of our company being dead—there was no priest, which I am right sorry for, they being entered and instructed in all other points of our religion, lack only those sacraments which here none but priests do minister. Howbeit they understand and perceive them, and be very desirous of the same. Yea, they reason and dispute the matter earnestly among themselves, whether, without the sending of a Christian bishop, one out

⁷ More probably here retails the common talk in England at the time. For the facts, apart from the interpretations of the historian, see Dyer's *History of Europe*, i., 263–297. In the tangled skein of Italian politics there held up to view, a cautious judge may see reason to reserve his opinion upon the conduct of Pope Julius II. After all, that enthusiastic vindicator of the liberty of Italian soil may have been to blame. The Vicar of Christ is not infallibly right in the course that he takes as a temporal sovereign. But a good Catholic will be more forward to approve and praise than to condemn in any matter the action of his ecclesiastical superiors. A Pope of all men should be accounted innocent until he is proved guilty.

of their own people may receive the order of priesthood. And truly they were minded to choose one. But at my departure from them they had chosen none.⁸

All manner of religious opinions are tolerated in Utopia, except those that impugn the immortality of the soul, or the retributive justice of God in the next life. Heretics on either of these two points are excluded from holding office in the State; otherwise they go unmolested, but they are not allowed to argue on behalf of their opinions before an ignorant audience. Utopus, the first King of the island, ordered toleration, "as not knowing whether God, desiring manifold and diverse sorts of honour, did not inspire sundry men with sundry kinds of religion." The old King's surmise, viewed with Christian eyes, appears half right and half wrong. God certainly does desire manifold and diverse sorts of honour; that is why creation wears so many various aspects, why men are not like mountain-peaks, and no two men are perfect likenesses of one another. And for religions, we see that God laid the law of nature upon the Gentiles, the law of Moses upon the Jews, and, since the Incarnation, He has imposed on all who come to the knowledge of it, the law of Christ. But these several religious systems, each bearing the warrant and seal of the Almighty, are not in mutual conflict. They differ in having more or less of theological belief, and different positive precepts; but there is no tenet which one affirms and the rest deny. Where there is a flat contradiction, as was between Jeremias and Semeias, both prophets cannot be inspired by the one God of truth; but one alone is approved, the other is permitted. So must it be with two religious creeds, the former affirming, the latter denying, transubstantiation.

Thus what we may call the Church by law established in Utopia teaches three articles, that there is a God, that the soul

⁸ A solution of the difficulty appears in the prefatory letter of More to Peter Giles. "There be one virtuous godly man, a professor of divinity, who is exceedingly desirous to go unto Utopia . . . that he himself may be made bishop of Utopia." Whereupon Robinson gravely remarks—"It is thought of some that here is unfeignedly meant the late famous vicar of Croydon, in Surrey." The name of this famous man I have been unable to discover; it may perhaps be given in Ducaren's *History of Croydon*. He was forward in taking the oath of supremacy when Sir Thomas More refused it, at Lambeth, April 17, 1534. In a letter to his daughter, More describes the behaviour of this priest, after he had been sworn—"Master vicar of Croydon, either for gladness or for dryness, or that it might be seen *quod ille notus erat pontifici*, went to my lord's buttry bar, and drank *valde familiariter*."

of man is immortal, and that God will reward the good and punish the wicked. The Utopians insist on these points, because they would have no mean idea formed of the dignity of humanity. "Him that is of a contrary opinion they count not in the number of men, as one that hath abased the high nature of his soul to the vileness of brute beasts' bodies." Confident of immortality, they take a cheerful view of death.

They do mourn and lament every man's sickness, but no man's death, unless it be one whom they see depart from his life anxiously and against his will; for this they take for a very evil token, as though the soul being in despair and vexed in conscience, through some secret forefeeling of the punishment now at hand, were afraid to depart; and they think he shall not be welcome to God, which when he is called, runneth not to Him gladly, but is drawn by force and sore against his will. They, therefore, that see this kind of death do abhor it; and them that so die, they bury with sorrow and silence. And when they have prayed God to be merciful to the soul, and mercifully to pardon the infirmities thereof, they cover the dead corpse with earth. Contrariwise, all that depart merrily and full of good hope, for them no man mourneth, but followeth the hearse with joyful singing, commending the soul to God with great affection: at the last, not with mourning sorrow but with a great reverence, they burn the bodies; and in the same place they set up a pillar of stone, with the dead man's titles therein graved. *But no part of his life is so oft or so gladly talked of as his merry death.*⁹

It must be acknowledged, however, that it is easier for a philosopher to write, than for a people to behave thus magnanimously on the visitation of the king of terrors. The sentiment springs from Christianity rather than from mere nature.

The death of our Lord has given us immortality; and descending into hell, He has unstrung the arm of death, and taken away his strength; and the enemy that was dreadful and merciless before, He has rendered so contemptible, that men exultingly hasten forth to their departure hence. . . . Such, I say, is the case now, after the coming of Christ, after the breaking of the brazen gates, after the shining of the Sun of Justice all over the world. But formerly death wore a fearful aspect, and shook the resolution of the just men of old.¹⁰

The priests in Utopia are "of exceeding holiness, and therefore very few," thirteen only in each city, with a bishop

⁹ These words which I have italicized might have formed the writer's epitaph.

¹⁰ St. John Chrysostom, *Hom.* xlv, on *Genesis*.

at their head. They are chosen by the people by ballot. "After their election they be consecrate of their own company." Besides religious ministrations, they instruct the young, and superintend public morals, and their rebuke, like the *nota* of the censors in the Roman Republic, carries with it great disgrace. They launch excommunications, than which no punishment is more dreaded. Their persons are inviolable, even when they do wrong; but that is almost unheard of, their numbers being so select. They are revered at home and abroad. They go forth to battle to pray and stay the hand of war. They are married to the noblest ladies in the land. There are some few priestesses, of grave years.

The churches of the Utopians are large and gorgeous, but somewhat dark, because they think that "over much light doth disperse men's cogitations." The service is conducted on a system of what we might call common theism. Mithra alone is invoked, the one God whom they all adore. There are no prayers but such as all persuasions can join in; no images, that every man may conceive of the Deity after what likeness and similitude he will. The churches of the Utopians appear to have been not only dark, but cold. Their holidays are two every month, the first and the last day. On the last day of the month, before going to church, "the wives fall down prostrate before their husbands' feet at home, and the children before the feet of their parents, confessing and acknowledging themselves offenders, either by some actual deed, or by omission of their duty, and desire pardon for their offence." At the same time all quarrels are made up. That evening they go to church, still fasting, to thank God for the blessings of the past month. In the morning of the day following, they repair thither again, to beg a blessing on the month that is setting in. They kill no living thing in sacrifice. They burn incense and light candles to help themselves to devotion. The people in the church wear white. The vestments of the priests are wrought with birds' feathers, having allegorical meanings. When the priest leaves the vestry, the congregation all fall prostrate on the ground, in reverent silence, as though God were there before them personally present. They rise at a given signal, and proceed to sing psalms, accompanied by instruments, the music of which is carefully varied according to the sense of the words. Then the priest and the people unite in a prayer, acknowledging

God as their maker, thanking Him for the commonwealth in which they live, and the religion which they severally profess, begging Him to correct any error into which they may have fallen, whether political or religious, to confirm them in the truth, and "to bring all other people to the same order of living, and to the same opinion of God, unless there be anything that in this diversity of religions doth delight His unsearchable pleasure;" finally, they ask God to take them to Himself, as early or as late as He pleases, protesting, however, that they would "much prefer to die a painful death, and so go to Him, than by long living in prosperity to be away from Him." This prayer over, they prostrate themselves again for a little while, and so the service ends. The afternoon of the Utopian sabbath is spent in sports and horse exercise.

We have now reviewed all the institutions of Utopia but one, and that the centre and main pillar of them all, the community of goods. Hythloday is a warm advocate of communism. More himself raises objections; but his mind appears to be spoken through the mouth of the Portuguese mariner. His arguments against the right of private property are reducible to three. First, from the etymology of the word *commonwealth*. If the wealth is common, and the commonwealth is prosperous, there should be no such thing as a poor citizen. But in the countries that now-a-days are flourishing, says Hythloday—

I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth. They invent and devise all means and crafts, first how to keep safely, without fear of losing, what they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labour of the poor for as little money as may be. These devices when the rich men have decreed to be kept and observed under colour of the commonalty, that is to say, also of the poor people, then they be made laws.

Another advantage of the Utopian system is, that the useful members of the community are provided for, and useless members, so far as may be, are not suffered to exist. Whereas, in European States, do-nothings and doers of no good, pass their time pleasantly, while the working men—"ploughmen, colliers, carters, ironsmiths, and carpenters, without whom no community can exist"—are put to such drudgery, that "the state and condition of labouring beasts may seem much better

and wealthier." Then the public weal makes no provision for the declining years of these faithful servants—

But after it hath abused the labours of their lusty and flowering youth, at the last, when they be oppressed with old age and sickness, being needy, poor, and indigent of all things, then forgetting their so many painful watchings, not remembering their so many and so great benefits, it recompenseth and requiteth them most unkindly with miserable death.

Thirdly, communism prevents the vices that are incident to wealth, above all, pride, but for which, Hythloday thinks, the whole world long ago would have followed Christ's counsel of renouncing private property.

Such is an outline of the impassioned argument in favour of community of goods, which closes the *Utopia*. More wrote evidently under Platonic inspiration. Flying from Constantinople, *cum penatibus et magnis dis*, the Greeks in 1453 had carried their literary treasures into the Italian peninsula. There "the language that Jupiter would have spoken" kindled all hearts into a flame. Platonic societies were formed, and Plato was found to be a theologian, a prophet—indeed, a pre-apostolic Christian. Marsilio Ficino, a priest at Florence, author of a Latin translation of the philosopher's works, is said to have wished to bring them into the pulpit. His address to his friends was—"My brethren in Plato." He died in 1499. More, who was an accomplished Greek scholar, and speaks highly of Plato, was undoubtedly attracted by the thorough-going communism that forms the most prominent feature of the *Republic*. Had he seen a little of communism in real life, he might not have been so forward to pursue that splendid but sanguinary phantom.

It would indeed be a blessed state of things, in which every man consented to walk in the procession of life without elbowing his neighbour, and to toil for the common good without pocketing the proceeds. But this is a course of immense self-denial, and we cannot, in legislating for multitudes, reckon the average of self-denial otherwise than at a low figure. Mankind are simply unfit, they never have been fit, and it will be ages before they are fit, to enter as partners into one huge joint-stock company. Take at random any hundred and fifty names in the *London Postal Directory*. Incorporate by Act of Parliament the bearers of those names into a company, to have all things

in common. What is likely to have become of shares and shareholders in ten years time? Perhaps there will be found one wealthy gentleman, resident in California, the owner of untold wealth in gold mines and American railways; there will be a residue of paupers, a convict or two, and some graves. The history of a more extensive commune, will be the history of that firm "writ large," until the moral natures of men alter from what they are. We must create the self-denying social labourer, ere we endow him by a confiscation of private property.

It is idle to quote on behalf of communism the authority of the Founder of Christianity. The Evangelist writes of Him, that "He knew what was in man." He knew what was in man, and He discerned deeply rooted there the instinct of property as well as the instinct of family. And He respected what He found—was it not He Himself that had placed it? Only to a few did He give the counsel to shake loose all private ties in order to follow Him. For the rest, when His Church, ceasing to be domestic, became ecumenical, the communism of the Jerusalem supper-chamber gave way, and Christians became proprietors, till Plato, forsooth, was called in from the outer darkness of heathendom to lead them back to the light.

There is no denying the accuracy of More's description of pampered abundance and helpless destitution, those two plague-spots on the face of society. But it is one thing to identify a disease, another thing to devise a remedy that shall be adapted to the strength of the patient. Human nature is too sickly to be taken for change of air to Plato's city of Mansoul or More's island of Utopia. Some people are fond of the text, "They had all things in common." But they forget the beginning of it—"The multitude of believers had one heart and one soul."¹¹ Union of faith and of charity preceded the union of property. And still through faith and charity lies the only road to a salutary and practical communism, that of the City of God on earth. When men are as sheep in one fold, loving one another as the Good Shepherd has loved them, then there will be no more question of luxury and oppression. This blessed City may appear as remote from our world as Utopia. But though we be unable to work our way to it in this life, we can work towards it. We may not reach the goal, but we

¹¹ Acts iv. 32.

can take the direction. And if after pressing on till our strength fails, we fall with our faces towards that City, our children may take up the march from the point, where we sank down, and in a world to come we shall behold the term of their struggles and of ours. After all, that man would die miserable, all whose aspirations were already realized.

Sir Thomas More is said to have remarked of his *Utopia* in after life, that it ought to have stayed on its own island. The retrospective judgment of age upon youth is seldom favourable, particularly when many vicissitudes have been passed through in the intervening journey. More witnessed a revolution in Europe between 1516 and 1534. What wonder, if such an experience modified his views as a reformer? Of the fruit of the understanding, no less than of the heirs of the body, those words are wisely spoken—

With all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings for his welfare,
Expect disappointment, and look for pain : for he is of an evil stock and
will grieve thee.¹²

A book is hardly more dutiful than a son. But the *Utopia*, like the *Æneid*, has been judged of more favourably by strangers than by its own father. It has won him a lasting place among the great writers of his country, nor is it unworthy of the man whom all Englishmen reverence for a hero, and not a few for a martyr.

J. R.

¹² *Proverbial Philosophy.*

On True Education.

EDUCATION is a bringing out of the faculties of man. All parties agree to this definition, so far as it goes. Whether it is complete or not, is a question. There are those who maintain, in theory at least, that a being with a healthy constitution, vigorous muscles, keen senses, lively imagination, passionate feeling, well-stored memory, inquiring intellect, and strong will, is *ipso facto* a good man. Other persons contend that all these accomplishments are good, considered in the abstract and by themselves; but that in actual life they constitute the possessor of them good or evil, according to the end for which he employs them. If a man uses his health to drink raw brandy to excess, his muscles to rob and murder, his senses to discover his prey and escape justice, his imagination and feeling to revel in licentiousness, his memory to keep before him what lies he has told, and so save him from contradicting himself, his intellect to doubt the truth of God, and his will to confirm his hatred of mankind, any ability that he may have in any of these departments serves but to enhance his guilt. Though his faculties are well brought out, most people, I suppose, would not call him a well educated man. Now in defining education we must define good education. Therefore the definition with which I started is incomplete. It needs to be eked out somehow like this. Education is a bringing out of the faculties of man, and a disposing of him to use those faculties for their proper end. Education then involves the question of the end of man. We must know what man is for, before we can tell what to bring him up to. But meanwhile this is clear, that the business of schools, school-boards, universities, education leagues, Acts of Parliament, and other educational machinery, is to stock the world, not simply with able men, but with men who are able and willing to do that, whatever it is, for which man exists in the world. Save us from able men who will to do aught else but that. They are more dangerous than madmen.

It cannot be denied either that the Catholic Church proposes an end to man, or that she is active in training him to that end. Whence it follows that, provided the end so proposed be the true goal of human progress, the Church is truly a friend of education. Let us examine the end towards which the Church would direct us. Many of the Psalms, in the Septuagint and Vulgate versions, are inscribed, *Unto the end, a Psalm of David*. In explanation, the Fathers quote the saying of St. Paul, "The end of the law is Christ."¹ Christ, they say, is the accomplishment of what David foretells. The American poet has accustomed our ears to the expression, *Psalm of Life*. That Psalm also the Church would indite, *Unto the end*; and she would take the explanation of the Fathers as to what that end is. Christ is the end of the life of the Christian man. As Christ lived, so should His disciple live. Christian means Christ-like. The Church gathers boys and girls into schools, to bring them up, each in his station and degree, so many young, growing Christs, to carry on the work of the God-Man on earth. What that work is, stands plainly written in the Gospels, and nowhere plainer than in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, which contains the Prayer of our Lord for His Church. He declares the consummation of His labours to be the advancement of His Father's glory and of His own, by His ruling over all mankind, and bringing them to everlasting life in the knowledge of His Father and of Himself. That this His declaration might not remain in the vague, He instituted His Church, and left it behind Him in the world, with a promise, that it should never fail, to teach men what He would have them live for, and to enable them, by dispensing the means which He has provided, actually to realize that end in their lives. Such is the strain which the Catechism addresses, "to maidens and to boys," telling them how they are created by God "*to know Him, to love Him*"—thus to know and to love is what Christ terms "to glorify" Him—"and to serve Him"—that is to submit to Christ's "power over all flesh"—"*in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next*"—that is the "eternal life," the essence of which is "to know God," by sight in heaven, as He is known by faith on earth.

These remarks have the tone of a sermon; and some persons may cry out accordingly that they ought to have been

¹ Rom. x. 4.

kept for the church on Sunday morning, and—here the voice of the objectors drops to a whisper—they are not true out of church on week days. These persons would fain have the Christian Church a state prisoner, dwelling in honoured captivity in the stately buildings to which she gives her name, with priests for gaolers, who should be strictly charged never to let any Christian principle walk abroad, whether into the family circle, or into the councils of the nation. But because she, who is the spouse of Christ and the depository of His wisdom, issues forth and cries in the streets for little ones to come to her, these same tolerant persons lose their patience, and indignantly ask, What has the Church to do with education? They had better go to the root of the matter, and inquire boldly, What has the Redeemer to do with the souls of men? Christ died for all, therefore does the Church claim empire over all. She will not hear of a partition treaty in the matter of the salvation of souls. Thus the powers of the world, who would gladly have her for one of themselves, are driven to wage a truceless war against her claim to supremacy. "The issue between them is not about boundaries, but about an entire possession; for the whole conduct of life is involved in the definition of the highest good; they who differ as to that, differ as to the whole arrangement of their lives."² If Cicero could say this of two rival schools of philosophy, both of them appealing to mere natural reason, how wide must be the gulf of separation between the Church, which summons mankind to a supernatural destiny, and the world, all whose thoughts are of earth, earthy! It is for this that the newspapers get so rabid when they come to treat of the Pope and of Catholic affairs. Then they show a venom which no other occasion evokes; for there it is a question, not of means, but of ends. The end of man is one thing in the eyes of Pius the Ninth; it is quite another thing in those of the Mr. Editor. The two authorities differ in their views of the world—to borrow a comparison from Plato—as a physician and a pastrycook differ in their views of diet, the former considering what will impart strength and preserve life, the latter what will be tasty and go down with the public. And so long as "infants of a hundred years" have their choice, they will rush after the racy articles from the pastrycook's, and abhor encyclical prescriptions. The time may come when their dainties will disagree with them,

² Cicero, *Academics*, 43.

and they will turn for health to the old Physician on the Vatican.

Secularists are resolved to wrest Christian education out of Christian hands; Christians are equally determined to hold their own, and more and more of it. Indifferents are parting to one or other of these extremes. Now if a man would not be led by idle clamour, but would choose his side according to reason, he must examine the issue at stake. And he will find it to be no less than the truth or falsehood of Christianity, an issue which lies all in this question, Is Jesus Christ God, or is He not? This is not a point merely for theologians to wrangle upon; it is of vital interest to every man, woman, and child. Let a person make up his mind to it, yes or no, and vote for education to be Christian or secular accordingly. That is what a consistent thinker should do. But we must not look for consistency everywhere. The deist, the Socinian, and the Jew will object to secularism on other than Christian grounds; and yet one does not see how the argument for there being any personal God, or any Redeemer, transcends that for the Son of Mary being both one and the other. In point of fact, there is a considerable rush of Socinians and deists to the secular side; and more will have to go there, or to alter their belief. And on the Christian side, there will have to be greater unanimity and agreement as to what the Church of Christ is, a discussion of which a Catholic may very confidently abide the result. That Christianity is on its trial, that a strife which may end in bloodshed is daily waxing hotter between the votaries and the deniers of the God-Man, and that faith in Christ the Saviour must finally stand or fall with the Roman Catholic Church, is seen clearly enough on the side which we are learning to call the Extreme Left. In that matter Comte's judgment has been approved. The shock, when it comes, may be tremendous. Some unborn Milton may sing of the result, which, as the parties are fundamentally the same, will not differ from the result of the combat described in the *Paradise Lost*.

Meanwhile, the final hour is not yet struck; the sides are still forming; and many there are in either ranks who will find their natural places by desertion on the eve of the battle. Let us, as we have the time, take our stand quietly, and survey some portion of the field of conflict. That the Church is a friend of education, that she strives to develope man's faculties

in order to the end of his creation, is involved in the fact of her being what she is. She exists as the mother, the natural educator, of nations. But with regard to the Church's rôle in education, there is a distinction to make, which may seem finespun, but is very important. I would mark off what the Church does, as such, from what her ministers and members do, as men. It is not the direct office of the Church, as such, to develop the human faculties; her immediate and proper concern is to teach a man to employ whatever faculties he has, for the divine glory. She is not commissioned to produce brawny athletes, imaginative poets, subtle philosophers, or even learned divines; but to raise to heaven the athlete's arm of flesh, to chasten the imagination of the poet, to humble the pride of the philosopher and of the divine, and form them all to Christ. The element of humanity upon which she officially goes to work is not the body, nor the mind, but the soul as subject to grace. And the end and purpose of her operation is not health, nor science, but holiness. Since, however, the soul is in the body, and, feeling, thinking, and willing through the body, is called the mind, and since grace is given to elevate our feelings, thoughts, and volitions to the supernatural order, on this account the Church has some care of the minds and of the bodies of men. To assign to her the spiritual side of human nature, while withdrawing from her influence the mental and corporeal, would be to mock her. It is her function and her right to spiritualize, and through the merits of Christ to deify, the labours of man's hands, the affections of his heart, and the cogitations that stir his brain. The supernatural order presupposes nature as a foundation. Supernatural means natural and something more. The Church, then, by authority controls and superintends the whole man, so far as is requisite to render nature in him subservient to grace. In the exercise of this supervision, the Church, as such, indirectly effects much for the development of the human faculties: much also is effected, with her approval, by her ministers and members working, as men, for the same end.

Man is ordinarily a healthy animal, if he will but allow himself to be so. But he is prone to ruin his health by culpable indulgence of his appetites. Nature thus outraged strikes the offender with her vengeance, and then, like Typhon under the bolt of Jove,

Sprawling he lies, a form of idle flesh,

and leaves vice and misery for an inheritance to his children. This canker-worm has eaten away the strength of many an ancient people ; it is preying upon ours. To stay its ravages, we need something more potent than Acts of Parliament, or even cheap physiology. No one can visit, even cursorily, our places of industry without making some reflection on the hard life of the workmen. To be puddling iron, or picking coal, or trailing about pots of molten glass, is certainly not so pleasant as directing the affairs of the nation from an easy chair. And yet both occupations are necessary, and they cannot both be laid upon the same person, for the reason that the one sort of labour unfits for the other. The line that divides mankind into mental labourers and manual labourers—not into labourers and do-nothings—is ruled by Providence ; and it is a good and wise division. But the iniquity of man has added to Adam's curse, by endeavouring to convert the manual labourer, otherwise called the working man, into a machine, having no other capability or use than to elaborate material commodities from Monday morning to Saturday night, and, if possible, on Sundays too. Now this attempt to *machinify* humanity must fail. It is as unnatural a process as would be that of trying to turn a tree into a stone pillar. The workman has feelings, and he will have enjoyment. He does not love vice, but he wants excitement ; he cannot bear monotony. And so he seeks excitement in drink ; and from Saturday night to Monday or Tuesday morning, every week, he revels in a bestial exaltation above the dreary flat of the rest of his days. "And now, O ye kings, understand ; take warning, ye that judge the earth." Unless you form the working man to be a man indeed, you will turn him, not into a machine, but into a wild beast that will devour you. The Church undertakes to make men of the working classes ; and for this purpose she points to the Model Man, and bids them copy His example who, God as He was, chose to live "poor and in labours from His youth." From the workshop at Nazareth those influences are ever flowing, which are needed to humanize, civilize, supernaturalize, our labouring population. Considering whose Hands have been hardened with toil, the workman learns to respect himself ; and a pariah at heart no longer, he foregoes his resentment against society. Under the hard rind of his mechanical occupation, he discovers the delicious fruit of a life of grace, a life which he may lead as well as a nobleman, and

please Heaven as well by sawing timber as his lordship does by drawing the boundary lines of empires. His feelings now are cultivated, because his heart is raised to a God who loves him. In view of the goal whither he is tending, he does not find the way monotonous. He has hit upon a better resort for Saturday night than the beershop, and he sees reason why Sunday morning should not be spent in a drunken slumber. So, unwasted by excess, he lives a hale and vigorous Christian. And this is what the Church would do, if she had her way, with the working man.

I have spoken of bodily excess, and of the physical decay which it causes, in connection with the labouring classes, though every one knows that the evil is not confined to them. In what I am about to say, mainly regarding the more highly educated portion of society, there is much that applies also to the humbler grades. Many will esteem it a paradox, when I affirm that the reason of man is improved in consequence of faith in the Church. *Solvitur ambulando*, they will reply. If we wanted to get from home to Lake Windermere, we might of course walk till we were tired, and then take the train. Travelling by rail would be a convenience for reaching our destination, but we should be surprised to be told that it bettered our walking powers. The believing of more than we can directly prove appears at first sight a parallel case. We cannot prove from the nature of things that there are three Persons in one God. Reason takes us as far as the existence of God, and faith carries us on to the mystery of the Trinity. How, then, does faith improve reason more than riding does walking? In this, that it assures us of the correctness of our reasonings. A person may go out on the moors where there are no milestones, and ramble about there for a summer's day; in the evening he does not know where he has been, or how far he has been, but the exercise has none the less strengthened his limbs. It is not the same with intellectual exercise. To reason, and not be sure whether the conclusion is true or false, is to doubt. Now, doubt, when it becomes general, is fatal to reason. A man who doubts the truth of his premises is apt to argue recklessly from them. Take this example—If the soul is immortal, it ought to be tended with great care. That is certain, but suppose a doubtful minor proposition be appended—Perhaps the soul is immortal. The conclusion emerges—Perhaps the soul

ought to be tended with great care. And perhaps it ought not. What is the worth of such a double-dealing conclusion? Who will be at pains to reason towards a result like this? Even the general principle, the major proposition, becomes valueless, being capable of no better interpretation. I am not for banishing probable reasonings altogether. We are constantly compelled in practice to argue from uncertain data, and act upon the probability thence derived. But a probable opinion implies certainty somewhere, to which it approximates, and in comparison with which it is called a probable opinion. We cannot live upon pure probabilities without any certainty. To say that probably so and so is probable, is an unsatisfactory speech. A person who rejects all certainty, and consequently has some doubt about all things, is careless in his reasoning, for that he despairs of truth. This utter rejection of certainty is apt to accompany the denial of theological dogmas. It is a frequent judgment of God upon unbelievers in revealed religion, that they lose their faith in even the plainest natural truths. Just as impurity destroys affection, so does wilful infidelity strip a man of the faculty of apprehension. After spending an hour or two over the works of some profound anti-Christian philosopher, and reading how existence is a mere name, and truth is whatever anybody chooses to believe, and other prodigies of error, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable;" to start a conversation with the boy who cleans your shoes is a transition, not from Hyperion to a satyr, but just the other way. You lay down the book, feeling as though you had got rid of a madman. This, then, is the benefit of divine faith, that it steadies the natural reason. One who believes in the Holy Catholic Church will not become the dupe of a mountebank philosopher.

There is another salutary reaction of faith upon reason, which is illustrated by the example alleged before. A person's travelling by rail to the Lake Country, which he could not conveniently reach on foot, improves his walking powers in this, that it puts him in a position to climb Scawfell or Helvellyn. So faith in the mysteries of revelation secures premises for further deductions. What a "feast of reason" there is here, any one that has peeped into the magnificent science of Christian theology can tell.

Next, I may notice what faith does for the cultivation of

feeling, an effect which is sadly elucidated *e contrario* by the recent *Autobiography* of John Stuart Mill. He was brought up by his father, as everybody knows, "without any religious belief."³ But perhaps not every one has remarked that this man, James Mill, who had laid aside religion, was disposed to shelve feeling also. Though "not insensible to pleasures," he had "scarcely any belief in pleasure."⁴ "For passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt. He regarded them as a form of madness. 'The intense' was with him a bye-word of scornful disapprobation."⁵ The son was brought up on these Spartan principles. Feeling, however, aye, and intense feeling, is as natural to man as it is natural to a vine to put forth leaves. True education consists in taking whatever is natural, and forming it to its right object. The young Mill did feel, notwithstanding the paternal prohibition, and he felt very miserable, so that he says, "I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year."⁶ His swelling grief was lanced by a touching story, and poured itself out in tears. He writes, "From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me was gone. I was no longer hopeless. I was not a stock or a stone."⁷ Thenceforth, he tells us, "The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed." Accordingly he read Wordsworth, and indulged a taste for music. Four years afterwards, he made the acquaintance of the lady who subsequently became his wife, and almost his idol, of whom he says after her death, "Her memory is to me a religion."⁸ Now I do not affirm that if John Mill had known and embraced the true religion, his soul would never have been shadowed over with deep gloom. To die without bodily agony is not uncommon, to live without ever falling into an agony of mind is the privilege perhaps only of children, and not of all of them. Nor is it a privilege for a man to covet, for he who has not suffered, what does he know? But when the Christian is in an agony, he is not at a loss, but, following the example of his Master, he prays the more; so praying and believing, and inquiring after God's will, he rides out the storm. And when that is over, and pleasing emotions revisit

³ P. 38.⁴ P. 48.⁵ P. 49.⁶ Pp. 132-140.⁷ P. 144.⁸ P. 251.

him, the delights of the ear and the eye, and of the understanding, and of conjugal and parental love, or the severer joys of patriotism or of tragedy, he knows how to piece together these feelings, giving to each its proper place, and referring them all ultimately to Him, of whose grandeur, and beauty, and bliss they are irradiations. John Mill observed these rays that light up and warm human life, and he eagerly sought to bask in them; but he saw them only as reflected from earth, he was blind to the sun. Thus his feelings were somewhat irrational, as he could not tell to what good they pointed. Many things delight us to a degree that, looking at the things themselves, seems quite inexplicable. I will take an illustration from that poet, the perusal of whom soothed Mill's anguish. In the opening of *The Excursion* there is an account of how the Wanderer grows up among the mountains. Read over the famous passage beginning—

Such was the boy, but for the growing youth,
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light.

And mark what is said afterwards—

O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.⁹

Now why did that view affect the beholder so powerfully? The poet informs us, and our own hearts attest the information, that it was because the evidence of things seen was there completed by the evidence of things unseen—because sight awakened faith. Nature, fair of herself, is doubly fair as an emblem of God. She exhibits not only a picture, which all may admire, but also a writing, to those who can read. Thus to a believer “all things are double,” and they awake emotions, deeper, as well as more rational, in his mind, than in the mind of him that lives without God in this world. The aspect of inanimate nature betokens the divine perfections. But the aspect of humanity carries our thoughts back to the Incarnation and to the Man-God. What admirable trait of human character, ever sung by poet, or bodied forth by artist, is there

⁹ Cf. *Mill's Autobiography*, pp. 147, 148.

that was not, and is not, in Him? We do not like to have these allegories in art and literature—for allegories they are—set forth in express words; we had rather quietly perceive them, and leave what we perceive unsaid. But surely it is conceivable that a picture of earthly affection, chastely and ardently drawn, may remind a Christian of the Eternal Lover that is waiting to embrace Him in heaven. This insight into allegorical meanings, which faith conveys, avails also to console us for the perishableness of all the beauty that we love, and all the glory in which we take pride on earth. "They shall be changed, but Thou, O Lord, art the self-same." In His immutability they and we shall some day share. This thought is what we miss in Shakespeare, when, after telling how—

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:

he ends with this "most lame and impotent conclusion"—

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.¹⁰

Man craves for a more substantial immortality than a poet, even a Shakespeare, can bestow.

I would say a word on the time given to religion in schools. The return of the number of hours per week allotted to the training of the mind is usually exclusive of those spent in religious instruction and devotional exercises. Hence some wiseacres argue that were the latter occupations dropped, the study-hours being kept intact, the minds of the scholars would flourish as well as before, which is like supposing that because bread, and meat, and vegetables are sufficient sustenance for a man, he need have no air. May we hope that the educators of this country will continue to set their faces against that spirit of ultra-Chineseism, which takes no account of any attainments but those that make their mark at a public examination? In the mind there are feeling, and understanding, and will. Secular studies cultivate the two former. Science bears especially on the understanding, literature tells more upon the feelings; although there is much to understand in literature, and science can do something for the feelings of her genuine devotees. The will is effectually

¹⁰ Sonnet lx.

reached by prudential considerations of temporal interest. But religion acts upon understanding, feeling, and will, all at once. The understanding is trained by putting an object under the eyes, and thence drawing the mind to something that is out of sight. It is characteristic of intelligence to be able to project itself out of its own sphere. Every intelligent person is a traveller in mind if not in body. Now, whether the dogmas of faith be true or false, they certainly do carry the mind into remote distance. The bed-ridden old woman at the workhouse, that looks backward to Calvary and forward to heaven, answers not amiss to the Homeric and Shakespearian conception of human intelligence. Whoever has faith in God and in His Christ, is saved from sinking into brute stupidity. When will any other teacher but the Church be able to offer such a preservative to mankind? And for raising intellect to the highest height of which it is capable, what study can compare with the study of the things of heaven? Let a person try and think out some of the perfections of God, His eternity for instance, and mark what he gains thereby in power of thought. Then for understanding and being able to sympathize with man, what a means have we in the contemplation of the Sacred Humanity! There is observable in infidel teachers somehow a sort of intellectual atrophy, which must be set down to the absence from their minds of the grand formative idea of the Divine.

I need add little to what I have said already about feeling, since Christianity is confessed to be a warm-hearted worship, except under certain degenerate forms which drive men into unbelief by their coldness. If the feelings of a human heart are left without cultivation, let it not be expected that they will not grow. They will grow, and ripen to evil fruit. Feeling is a strong thing, and requires to be reared on some support that is equal to the strain. What is there on earth that deserves to be felt for as vehemently as man can feel? Can the world work without enthusiasm, or can it really be enthusiastic if there is no God in it? The antagonists of Christian education appear to have no course open to them but that of subscribing James Mill's denunciations of "the intense."

The Church, with all solicitude, educates the will of man. Teaching that we shall be rewarded or punished eternally according to our merits, and that merit lies nowhere but in the will, in internal acts of that power, whether externally

carried out or not, she insists on her children, whatever be the quality of their feelings and understandings, becoming in the first place men of good will. A Christian is expected, from his reaching the use of reason to the termination of his death-agony, to pass all his conscious life in an unremitting exercise of self-control. Grace and practice make this easy, but no amount of either can dispense with it for an instant. I suppose all are agreed that it behoves men to control themselves, and that a member of human society who thinks, speaks, and acts at random, is as much out of place there as a stray locomotive on a railroad. The Greeks moralist descanted much upon *σωφροσύνη*, or self-restraint, which they recommended on æsthetic, utilitarian, and theological grounds. They failed, but the atheist morality of modern times hopes to reign over passion, because, forsooth, sobriety is good for the race, and looks well, as if Sardanapalus and Nero did not know that. The general defect of all moral codes, with the exception of the code which is practically administered in the confessional, is that the bodily act is too much observed, to the neglect of what the agent thought and willed to do. God alone sees this interior operation: the only way to regulate it is to teach the agent that God does see him.

Thus far for the direct influence of the Church, as such, upon the development of human nature. About the wonders which her ministers and members, as men, have wrought for education, declamation is needless, the facts are patent. The schooling of our barbarian forefathers, and of thousands at present who would otherwise be barbarian children, is the work of churchmen. I find here room only for two remarks. The first concerns physical education. The lives of some of the models of youthful sanctity, in whom the Church rejoices, might lead a stranger to expect Catholic boys and girls to be systematically stunted in their supply of the necessities and conveniences of life, on ascetic principles. I know of no case of the sort. A young person applying to a priest for direction in this matter, would be recommended to take without scruple whatever was needed for the preservation and increase of health and strength. It is not the way of the Church to launch mandates against her children's constitutions. She looks for strong men and valiant women to fight her battles. There are indeed souls called, not by her precept but by the counsel of the Holy Ghost, to ruin their health and abridge their days in the service of the Crucified.

But these are not ordinary souls. Lookers on, who cannot appreciate their conduct, may rest assured that they are yet far from being invited to so honourable a service.

Concerning mental training, it may be asked why the pastors and the faithful of the Church labour so hard on this account? The answer is pretty apparent from a previous argument. I have shown that Christian teaching and practice trains the mind, whence it may well be inferred that the training of the mind is conducive to Christianity. God can, and does, make saints of the dull and ignorant, not however because of those qualities, but in spite of them. We prepare the way of the Lord, as well by filling up the valleys as by bringing low the mountains, that is, by increasing our knowledge as well as by diminishing our conceit.

A struggle is impending, to decide whether or not the Church shall educate the coming man. We know that she can as soon cease to exist as cease to educate, and as we are confident of her endurance, we are also confident of her victory in the education question. But the measure of that victory depends, under God, on our endeavours. In this crisis it behoves us, the inhabitants of the City of God, to take to ourselves the advice which Pericles gave the Athenians at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war—"Consider day by day the actual show of your city's power, and fall in love with her; and when you think that she is great, reflect that it was by daring and determining as occasion called, and by a sense of their position, which they evinced in deeds, that her heroic sons rendered her what she is, . . . and do you now emulate their exertions."¹¹

¹¹ Thucydides, ii., 43.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

IT is only when we begin to write about Scotland that we begin also fully to test our acknowledgements to Sir Walter Scott. If we dip into any part of Scottish history, we find that it is his light we are following, touching the salient points perhaps with a picture-like glow, but one which at the same time turns out to be our best guide towards the analysis of character or the disentanglement of a complication of events. In studying Scottish poetry we again follow his lead, and there also, seeing how rarely he has allowed any just or beautiful passage to escape him, and how marvellous was the comprehensiveness of his reading, we still follow the track of the enchanter, whose wand had not only the power of transmuting baser or more trivial metals, but also of revealing true gold at its touch. Happily, it will never be possible to any of us to remount the "stream of years," and know what it was to visit Edinburgh and its neighbourhood before Scott had "giftie"-d it with this wand. To us, now, it is all "Scott" country. The Border is the scene of the rides and raids of William of Deloraine, Julian Avenel, and Halbert Glendinning; and every shapeless brown hill, moss, and treeless stream is for ever coloured by the magic of the poet of the "bonny white horse." There are streams and deep valleys, however, not treeless, and there is one poet often named by Scott, and who lived and died in his own first parish of Lasswade, whose verses claim a loftier place in Scottish record than the Border ballads which were Scott's chief delight. Probably no one of our possible readers has ever visited Edinburgh, without also seeing Roslin Chapel and Hawthornden, in its deep glen of the Esk; when he admired with all the strength of his love of the picturesque, the wonderful old Scottish house of the Drummonds of Hawthornden, perched upon its airy crag. It is well described by Dr. Masson.

The left side, as you face it, consists of a hoary mass of ivy-clad masonry, perhaps six hundred years old, while the more inhabited part to the right

is a pleasant irregular house, with gables and a turret, in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. Over a gateway near the middle, leading into an inner court, you see armorial bearings carved in the stone, and decipher the motto, *Hos gloria reddit honores*. . . . If you move to the right you find yourself on a path edging a deep, precipitous, thickly wooded dell, with the Esk below, and you see, on glancing back, that the more modern portion of the mansion overhangs this dell behind, the windows of the chief rooms looking down into the dell, and athwart its woody labyrinth, with a steepness almost dizzying. . . . For a new surprise, however, you must return, repossess the front and doorway, and descend on the other or left flank of the house, where there is the massive block of very ancient masonry to which the rest is an evident addition. This block or tower rests also on the sandstone rock springing up from the dell behind. . . . Descending a few steps, . . . you come to a hideous circular shaft, once a well, sunk deep down through the rock, with an embrasure atop opening out dangerously on the clear chasm of the dell, and thence . . . you reach two chambers, also cut out of the rock. One is a mere dark cavern, in which several men could hide or sleep; the other admits more light, and has the peculiarity that its sides all round, about ten or twelve feet in the longest direction and four or five feet in the other, are scooped out into a number of square holes or recesses, separated from each other, vertically and horizontally, by partitions an inch or two thick. . . . When these caverns were made, and for what purpose, or in what freak, no mortal can tell. The plain dark chamber is now called fantastically, "Bruce's bed-chamber," and the one with the honeycombed or bottle-racked sides, is "Bruce's library." But though legend will have it that these caves in the rock under Hawthornden House were actually the hiding-places of Scottish patriots in the days of Bruce and of his son David the Second, archaeologists push their origin much farther back, and imagine some stronghold of the old Pietish Kings.¹

For three hundred years this most picture-like old gabled and turreted Scottish house has belonged to the Drummonds, the first of whom was John, the second son of Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock in Stirlingshire, who had branched off from the older Drummonds of Stobhall in Perthshire. They were named in the Scottish peerage as "Lord Drummond of Stobhall," since 1471. This second son, John, married a Miss Susannah Fowler, and their son William, born in 1585, was the poet, or the Drummond of Hawthornden. At the time of his birth, James the Sixth of Scotland was nearly twenty years old, and was beginning the real period of his reign. John Drummond, the poet's father, became gentleman-usher to the King, and his brother-in-law, William Fowler, private secretary to his Queen, Anne of Denmark, so that in a small way Courts and courtlings were early familiar to the young poet. He was sent to the Edinburgh High School, and thence passed to the

¹ *Drummond of Hawthornden*. By David Masson, pp. 3-5.

Scottish University, lately founded in Edinburgh. The studies included only divinity, humanity, and philosophy, and after finishing the course, William Drummond, and twenty-three other students, took their degrees as Masters of Arts. This was the eighteenth batch of students sent out since the foundation of the University, and the poet figures in it as "*Guilielmus Drummond*." Two years before that great event, James the Sixth of Scotland had become James the First of England, and had carried away for the time being, along with his quilted doublets, trunk-hose, and enormous stock of pedantry, all the life, mirth, and quaint sights of his meagre but much cherished Edinburgh Court. Scotland wisely, though sullenly, acquiesced in the change, and found, as most of those who pursue this wise course do find, that she was little the worse for it. Lord Drummond of Stobhall was sent as Ambassador to Spain, and created Earl of Perth on his return, and while all the Drummonds, far and wide, were rejoicing at this imparted dignity, William Drummond made his first visit to London on his way to the Continent to study law.

His uncle Fowler, still secretary to Queen Anne, showed him all the chief sights of the capital, and amongst the rest, the "challenge of the errant knights proclaimed by trumpet before the palace gate at Greenwich." James the First retained all his inordinate love of pageants, and in this one, the four Earls of Lennox, Arundel, Pembroke, and Montgomery, challenged all the knights who should come against them on these four ridiculous points—

1. That in service of ladies no knight hath free will.
2. That it is beauty that maintaineth the world in valour.
3. That no fair lady was ever false.
4. That none can be perfectly wise but lovers.

The pageant was put off on account of the non-arrival of the King of Denmark, but when he at length had come—James meeting him at Gravesend—and had been taken to the top of St. Paul's and to Westminster Abbey, the deferred pageant took place with great splendour. King Christian himself was seen, mounted on a grey horse, in armour spangled with gold, and with a great bunch of blue and white feathers in his helmet, acquitting himself manfully against the English knights in their plain armour. After a series of such pageants and rejoicings

for about three weeks, King Christian went down the river again to Gravesend, leaving his poor sister at Greenwich, "weeping, weeping bitterly."

Drummond, meanwhile, had gone on his way to France, seeing Bourges, Paris, and St. Germain, of whose fairs he gives a most amusing, though pedantic description. For the reigns of Elizabeth and James were full of an affectation and pedantry which strike us now as almost incredible in men of common sense and ordinary discernment. Speaking of the portraits at St. Germain, Drummond says, "The devices, posies, ideas, shapes, and draughts of the artificer, were various, nice, and pleasant;" and he describes the respective portrait galleries of Popes, Roman Emperors, Kings of Europe, and mythological subjects and characters. There is seen, however, in these early letters, the same vein of thoughtful reasoning and over-gravity of reflection which distinguished his character to the end. Speaking of two pictures of "Laughter," and "Melancholy," he says—"Truly considering all our actions, except those which regard the service and adoration of God Almighty, they were either to be lamented or laughed at; and man is always a fool, except in misery, which is the whetstone of judgment."²

Drummond returned to Scotland in 1609, after three years of residence abroad, which no doubt helped much to cultivate and refine his tastes. He was just about to be called to the Scotch bar when his father, now Sir John Drummond, died, and was buried in Holyrood Abbey. William, therefore, at four-and-twenty, became Laird of Hawthornden, with a fortune ample enough to free him from all necessity of following any profession. He thenceforth gave up all thoughts of the law, or any of the honours to which it might lead, with the other outlets to public activity, and "retired to his own house at Hawthornden, a sweet and solitary seat, very fit and proper for the muses, and fell again to the studying the Greek and Latin authors."

There still exists, in his own handwriting, a list of the books he had read while studying law during the five years after leaving the Edinburgh University. The list begins, as probably every non-Catholic Scotsman's studies then began, with Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, but his other studies were of a very different kind. Sidney's *Arcadia*,

² *Drummond's Works*. Edit. A.D. 1711 (Masson).

Lyly's *Euphues*, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Drayton, Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Lucrece*, and *Passionate Pilgrim*. There are noted also Tasso and Sannazaro in French, Rabelais, and *Amadis de Gaule*. Probably, as Dr. Masson observes, there was not at that time another Scotsman in the world who had read three plays of "Mr. William Shakespeare," then living retired from the world in his own house at Stratford-on-Avon.

It is rather singular, and shows the great value of noting the small details of a continuous life, that we know exactly how many and what books Drummond had with him when he retired to the old gabled house, with its eerie subterranean dungeons, in the Esk valley, and the list is certainly a very remarkable one for his day. It includes two hundred and sixty-seven Latin classics and modern Latin books of philosophy and information; thirty-five Greek authors; eleven Hebrew books; sixty-one Italian, eight Spanish, fifty English, and one hundred and fifty French. Among the English books were Sidney's *Arcadia* (bought for six shillings), Spenser's *Faery Queene* (at the same price), some of his minor poems, Drayton's works, Fairfax's *Tasso*, Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (bought for fourpence), and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. All these are in Drummond's own handwriting, in the lists or "tables" in which he carefully divides his Latin books into groups of classics, theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and poetry.

He very early began to write as well as to read poetry, composing elegantly in Latin as well as English, but more for his own pleasure and the satisfaction of expressing his thoughts, than from any ambition of being read and admired. Indeed, the exceeding quiet modesty and unobtrusiveness of his character, were as conspicuous at four-and-twenty as in his old age. He says of himself, "Content with my books, and the use of my eyes, I learnt even in my boyhood to live beneath my fortune; and dwelling by myself as much as I can, I neither sigh for nor seek aught that is outside me."²

There was very little "outside" him at that dreariest of times in Scotland. Scottish poetry, full of rich enthusiasm for all that was heroic and noble, pathetic and tender as the burst of the wood-thrush in spring, had once poured forth its

² "Meis libris, meis oculis, contentus, a puero usque infra fortunam vivere didici; et quantum possum apud me habitans, nihil extra me aut suspiro aut ambio" (Masson, p. 22).

voice in Gavin Douglas, Dunbar, Sir David Lindsay, and many other lesser men in Catholic times, when the stern, fierce, intellectual energy of the Scottish character had been elevated, as well as tempered and mellowed by the Faith. But Knox, and Presbyterianism, and the total sweep made of every relic of beauty and harmony, such as linger like broken fragments of mosaic in the Anglican Church, had brought down upon Scotland the dreariest settled gloom. Political feuds and strife of the meanest kind, and the endless war of Presbyterianism and Prelacy, engrossed all minds, and narrowed the keenest intellects of that day to the most sordid limits. For when the one question daily asked and wrangled over was, as Dr. Masson puts it, "Are you for pure Presbytery and the strict German discipline, or are you for bishops and ceremonies?" all thoughts of literature, poetry, and the higher kinds of culture vanished, and their place knew them no more. Still, there has never been a time when intellectual vigour did not produce its fruit in Scotland, and in Drummond's youth his contemporaries were John Napier of Merchiston, the famous inventor of the logarithms, David Wedderburn the scholar, Sir Robert Aytoun, Sir Robert Ker, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, and the better known William Alexander of Menstrie, who published a whole shower of poems and tragedies of a weak and somewhat turgid verbosity. In later days Menstrie took a considerable part in Scottish events as Earl of Stirling. It was to this later-fledged flight of writers that Drummond attached himself, at first, perhaps, as an admiring imitator, but in the end as their head, and far excelling them all. He took life leisurely and very pleasantly at first in his old fortress-house, polishing his sonnets and "pieces," reading his Greek and Latin authors, and indulging in thoughtful reveries in the deep glen through which the Esk poured its (then) clear brown waters like a living cairn-gorm stone. But when he was about eight-and-twenty, and in the year 1612, Henry, the Prince of Wales, whose early years had been marked by the precocious talent and good qualities often seen in those who do not live beyond youth, died, and there was a general cry of mourning throughout Great Britain. The Prince was just eighteen, and his bright face and delightful manners, though contrasting unfavourably with his father's, yet led men to greater indulgence with present evils when looking forward to a brighter future. His brother Charles, now Prince of Wales, was not

generally beloved, from his reserved and grave disposition, which was also marred by the weakness and obstinacy which afterwards led him into such fatal errors. The death of Prince Henry, therefore, was a national calamity, and the depth of regretful feeling it stirred awoke Drummond at Hawthornden to write a really fine poem, called *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, an anagram of *Miles a Deo*, which was the fanciful name Prince Henry had assumed in the masques and pageants so dear to his father's heart. In this beautiful poem there is a strong general likeness to Milton's *Lycidas*, especially, as Dr. Masson observes, in its power of enriching and idealizing historical facts and names.

Mæliades, oh, that by Ister's streams,
Amongst shrill-sounding trumpets, flaming gleams
Of warm incrimsoned swords, and cannon's roar,
Balls thick as rain poured by the Caspian shore,
Amongst crushed lances, ringing helms and shields,
Dismembered bodies ravishing the fields
In Turkish blood made red like Mars' star,
Thou ended hadst thy life and Christian war;
Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph's place and tomb!
So heaven's fair face, to the unborn which reads,
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds.

That thou didst not attain those honours' spheres,
It was not want of worth, oh, no, but years.
A youth more brave, pale Troy, with trembling walls,
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titans' golden bowers, for bloody fights
Mustering on Mars' field such Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of art and courage, showing all their might,
When thee they framed. Ah me, that what is brave
On earth they as their own so soon should crave!
Mæliades, sweet courtly nymphs, deplore
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

The following lines even more strikingly resemble *Lycidas*, and probably, if they were interpolated to Milton's poem, the "general reader" would scarcely detect a different authorship.

Dead is thy darling, who decored thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thine amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.
You, Acidallan archers, break your bows,
Your brandons quench, with tears blot beauty's snows
And bid your weeping mother yet again,
A second Adon's death, nay, Mars' plain.

This elegy was printed with a black border by Andro or Andrew Hart, of Edinburgh, and was sold so rapidly that a second edition was published the same year, and a third in 1614. Meanwhile, the *Teares* brought Drummond prominently into notice, and he became the close friend of his rival—who also had written his elegy on the popular subject—Sir William Alexander of Menstrie. And also about the same time that he formed this true friendship, he became attached to a beautiful girl, Miss Cunningham of Barns in Fifeshire, who died of fever just when their marriage was about to take place, and all the preparations for it were made. This sharp and sudden blow drove the poor poet back to his old house at Hawthornden, where he shut himself up in his solitude and sorrow, and wrote a series of very melancholy, heartbroken poems, full of grace and sweetness, though greatly disfigured by the sensuous expression of passion common in his day. In 1616 this batch of poems appeared under the pedantic title of "*Poems Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall; in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals.* By W. D., author of the *Teares on the Death of Mæliades.*" This volume also came to the second edition the same year, and was then named in better taste, "*Poems.* By William Drummond, of Hawthorne-Denne."⁴

Some of these "sextains" strongly recall Andrew Marvel.

The winds and trees amazed
With silence on her gazed;
The flowers did smile, like those upon her face;
And, as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wished me in her hand.

Other portions, again, of Drummond's songs remind us, though more feebly, of Beaumont and Fletcher; and when we consider the general literary poverty and barrenness of Scotland, we cannot but respect the careful and studious self-culture which had raised him so far above the best efforts of his countrymen of the time.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,

⁴ "One copy only of the first edition is known to exist" (*Drummond of Hawthornden.* David Masson, M.A., LL.D., p. 45).

That she thy cariere may with roses spread ;
 The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing ;
 Make an eternal spring,
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
 And emperor-like, decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair ;
 Chase hence the ugly night,
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
 This is that happy morn,
 That day, long wished day,
 Of all my life so dark
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
 And fates not hope betray)
 Which, only white, deserves
 A diamond for ever it should mark ;
 This is the morn should bring into this grove
 My love to hear and recompense my love.

It is worth notice that the year of Drummond's great sorrow, 1616, was also the year that Shakespeare died at Stratford-on-Avon. In 1617, James I. revisited Scotland, after seventeen years absence from his ancient kingdom, and as there was a general commotion in the whole country, from the highest classes to the lowest, Drummond also was so far roused out of his sorrow by the occasion, as to compose a very fine lyric called *Forth Feasting ; a Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty*, which was published by Andro Hart. The poem is certainly couched in terms of poetic flattery which are a little startling to our ears at this day, as well as to our knowledge of James' character and real value, but it was a purely disinterested panegyric on Drummond's part, unseeking of any reward. He now, however, became more fully known and valued by the brotherhood of English poets, and the first of these who sought his acquaintance and real friendship was Michael Drayton, the author of the *Polyolbion*, as well as other less known poems, the *Heroical Epistles*, *Baron's Wars* and *Legends*. Another far greater man, about the same time, also fell in with Drummond, Ben Jonson, who, after the King's visit to the north, took it into his head to walk to Scotland on foot, and spend nine months in what was really his "ain countrie." Perhaps it was this—as King James called it—"salmon-like instinct" of returning up the stream, which stirred up Ben Jonson to this feat, but whether this or some business literary speculation, he certainly did achieve the walk, in spite of Bacon's quiet joke that he "loved

not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactylus and spondæus." Ben Jonson spent some weeks with Drummond at Hawthornden, and the legend narrates that Drummond was sitting under the great sycamore tree in front of his beautiful old house, when the bulky dramatist came in sight down the lane from the highroad; that Drummond then got up and hurried towards him, crying out, "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" To which Jonson answered, "Thank you, thank you, Hawthornden!" at which they both laughed heartily, and went into the house.

The two men had, however, very little in common, and it was not possible that Drummond, with his shy, refined, fastidious tastes and well bred ways, would ever really like the surly, rough, drunken habits of the gigantic leader of English literature. According to his exact, painstaking custom, he, however, recorded certain scraps of Ben Jonson's talk, which are interesting memorials of the times. For instance—

Queen Elizabeth never saw herself after she became old in a true glass. They painted her, and sometimes would vermilion her nose. . . . King Philip had intention, by dispensation of the Pope, to have married her.

The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died. [1588.]

Ben Jonson told Prince Charles [Charles the First] of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world, he would call him an Inigo.

For a heroic poem, Sir Philip Sidney said there was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his *Arcadia* to the stories of King Arthur.

Sir W. Raleigh esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his *History*. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic War, which he altered and set in his books.

Hooker's *Ecclesiastical History* [?], whose children are now beggars [is the best book in English] for Church History.

Southwell [the Jesuit] was hanged, yet so he [Ben Jonson] had written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he would have been content to destroy many of his.

[Of important books] Selden's *Titles of Honour* for antiquities; and one book of *The Gods of the Gentiles whose names are in Scripture*. J. Selden liveth on his own; is the law-book of the judges of England, the bravest man in all languages.⁵

The King himself was anxious to take a foremost place among the versifiers of the day, and in 1620 was strenuously but intermittently engaged on a poetic version of the Psalms. In

⁵ Pp. 94—97 (Masson).

this labour he made continual use of "Menstrie," or Sir William Alexander, Drummond's first friend, who occasionally sent their joint productions privately to Hawthornden, to obtain Drummond's opinion. On one of these occasions, when Drummond had returned some Psalm with alterations, he received the following letter—

Brother,—I received your last letter, with the psalm you sent, which I think very well done. I had done the same long before it came; but he prefers his own to all else, though, perchance, when you see it you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject; and, therefore, I advise you to take no more pains therein; but I, as I have ever wished you, would have you to make choice of some new subject, worthy of your pains; which I should be glad to see. I love the Muses as well as ever I did, but can seldom have the occasion to frequent them. All my works are written over in our book, ready for the press; but I want leisure to print them. So, referring all further to our old friend,

Your loving friend,

W. ALEXANDER.⁶

London, 18th April, 1620.

This stupendous and beloved work of Psalm versifying, however, was over for James in 1625—when the poor foolish "Solomon," now for ever to cast off his ill-fitting doublets and padded hose, lay dying at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, of tertian fever and ague. On the 29th of March, a terrific storm raged in Edinburgh, and on the 30th news was brought that King James was dead. The "divine right" of kings, which had become almost an idolatry in England, and was the sole outlet of reverence to reverential minds since the sweeping away of the true Faith and the Church, caused a flood of the most exaggerated paneyric on his wisdom and virtues, to which Drummond added a sonnet in the same (to us) absurd tone—

Let holy David, Solomon the wise,
That King whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame,
And bow before thy royal anadem, &c.

During the early years "when Charles the First was King," Drummond shows himself in a new character, as a scientific machinist, when he took out a patent for sundry new inventions of "warlike machines." He also made a handsome gift of five hundred volumes, in different languages, to the Edinburgh

⁶ *Drummond's Works* [1711], p. 151.

University, with a careful Latin catalogue and preface by himself, which concludes with this [translated] passage—

One said of good princes, that all their names might be drawn within the gem of one ring ; but we hope, by time, a volume may be compiled of the names of such who, conspiring against barbarity and the roughness of the former age, have thought in no dishonour to make the Muses beholden to their liberality, &c.

The list of benefactors, beginning with Clement Little, and ending with William Drummond, concludes this thoughtful and elegant preface. It can never be denied that Drummond of Hawthornden most manfully "conspired against barbarity and the roughness of the former age," and that literature owed him a great debt for so doing. We, as Catholics, cannot but lament that he did not also "conspire" by his own example against the licentious, not to say obscene, images and allusions which, like a vast river breaking down its banks, burst upon the whole of Europe in the seventeenth century, when once the voice of authority in opinions and morals had been silenced or was contemned. However, we would rather, in this instance, be glad for what was gained than dwell prominently on that which was left undone. When the Duke of Buckingham miserably failed in his Protestant crusade at La Rochelle and the Isle of Rhé, in aid of the French Calvinists or Huguenots, Drummond wrote a little satire which recalls the lines in the former century on Sir Francis Drake—

Charles, would ye quail your foes, have better luck,
Send forth some *drakes*,⁷ and keep at home the *duck*.⁸

In 1632, Drummond married, quite unexpectedly to his friends, Elizabeth Logan, and in the following year Charles the First made his triumphal procession through Edinburgh, for which Drummond was called upon to provide all the speeches and poetry. The whole pageant was very splendid, and little did poor Charles think, as he rode his magnificent Barbary horse, housed with crimson velvet and pearls, like a living Vandyke, through the crowded and acclaiming streets, that it was these very Scottish subjects who should one day sell him to his death. In the course of this procession, which was the strangest hodge-podge of heathen gods and Scottish history, Mercury stood in the High Street with *one hundred and seven* Scottish Kings, beginning with Fergus the First, who came

⁷ *Drakes*, dragons used in war,

⁸ Duke is so pronounced in Scotland.

forward expressing his delight at seeing his descendant Charles. Then came Bacchus, Silenus, Mount Parnassus, sprinkled with Apollo, and the Muses, and also a goodly show of thistles. Apollo was in crimson taffeta, and gave the King a book, while the Muses—let us hope, unwounded by the thistles—sang him one of Drummond's songs.

Down at the Nether Bow were represented the heavens and stars, the earth and planets, Titans and Fates, with the planets and Endymion, who spoke the long prologue. The whole of the planets then made poetical speeches, written by Drummond, with an epilogue from Endymion again, which speaks volumes for the patience of the King and the good behaviour of the populace. We are not surprised that Charles then took two whole days to rest, after which he was crowned in Holyrood Abbey, and rode in state to the Old Parliament House. If Charles had confined himself to riding in state and personifying magnificent Vandykes, all would have gone well with him, but he had come to Scotland for a special purpose, and Laud was in his train. There was still indeed the "prelatical observance" throughout Scotland, nine dioceses under the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, and four under the Archbishopric of Glasgow, but underneath this visible shell of episcopal government, the people seethed and surged, violently Presbyterian, and abominating every vestige of Episcopalianism as "rags of Popery." The King's "Kirk Acts" were violently opposed in his first Scottish Parliament, and Charles was much irritated throughout his whole visit to the north. However, he secured some friends by a plentiful shower of honours, when our old friend, Sir William Alexander of Menstrie was created Earl of Stirling, and Sir Robert Ker, Earl of Ancram. Drummond wrote very little poetry after the versified speeches of this coronation visit, but he began a *History of Scotland during the reign of the Five Jameses*, in which, perhaps, there was a motive of some family pride. Robert the Third, son of the first Stuart, King Robert the Second, had married Annabella Drummond of Stobhall, and from this union eight Stuart sovereigns, now ending with Charles the First, had sprung and reigned, of which alliance Drummond was naturally proud. He spent some time and a good deal of ingenuity upon the device and motto of the Stobhalls [then Earls of Perth], and finally decided upon *drum*, a rock or height (Celtic), and *onda* or *unda*, a wave, with "Gang warily" as the motto. Or—three bars, wavy, gules, supported

by two savages. Crest—a sleuth hound standing on a ducal coronet.

In 1637, the new "Service Books" (Common Prayer) were printed for Scotland, and on one memorable Sunday in July, the High Kirk of St. Giles was full to overflowing for the new service. Suddenly there was heard a wailing sound of "Woe, woe! sorrow, sorrow!" and the old woman traditionally called Jenny Geddes wrathfully threw her three-legged stool at the Bishop, who was in the pulpit. The Bishop, Archbishop, Dean, and chief officials, narrowly escaped with their lives out of the uproar that ensued, and all that day Edinburgh was in the wildest state of insurrection. The word was passed on from town to town, and in ten days the whole of Scotland was in open rebellion against the King's "Kirk Acts" and ceremonial. The public signing of the "Solemn League and Covenant" was revived in the Grayfriars Church in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1638, and copies of the "Covenant" were despatched to all parts of the country. The Covenanters soon numbered among them the general peerage, the chief body of landed proprietors, nearly all the parish clergy, the magistrates of almost all the Scottish burghs, and almost the entire mass of the Scottish commonalty.

Charles was furious at this outburst of the popular will, but after some time, was obliged to yield the chief demands of the Covenanters, upon which Drummond published a thick pamphlet called *Irene; or Remonstrances for Concord, Amity, and Love amongst His Majesty's Subjects*. In the same year the Glasgow Assembly met, and put a final end to episcopacy in Scotland. That year also Drummond rebuilt his house at Hawthornden, leaving the great grey tower and its mysterious dungeons, and the old sycamore tree under which he had sat waiting for Ben Jonson, just as they were, and as they are to be seen at this day. Drummond was now fifty-three, and had several children, but his peaceful, lettered days at Hawthornden were gone never to return, and to his life's end he was embroiled in the miserable strife which Charles the First waged with Scotland on account of the Covenant. To Drummond this must have seemed particularly hard, for he looked calmly on at both sides, grieved that his countrymen had abolished episcopacy, and more sorrowful still to find that Charles was intending to invade Scotland with an armed force to impose episcopacy upon subjects whose detestation it was.

Drummond's own view of the subject is shown by an epigram he wrote at the time—

The Scottish Kirk the English Church do name ;
 The English Church the Scotch a Kirk do call :
 Kirk and not Church, Church and not Kirk ! O shame !
 Your *Kappa* turn in *Chi*, or perish all !
 Assemblies meet, post bishops to the Court ;
 If these two nations fight 'tis strangers' sport.

Drummond, however, lived in the now for ever famous parish of Lasswade, and his near neighbour, Lord Lothian, of Newbattle Abbey, was the "ruling elder," or layman, chosen by the Covenanting party to represent them in the Assembly. This Earl of Lothian was instrumental in taking Dalkeith Palace, and when Edinburgh Castle had also been carried by the rebellious lords, Drummond felt, as he said, that it was of no use making a martyr of himself for a King who could give no help to his loyal subjects. He, therefore, also signed the Covenant, as it were, under compulsion, and found it for his benefit during the raging of the "First Bishops' War." In 1640, the "Second Bishops' War" broke out, when Charles was even more signally obstinate and signally defeated than before, and when it was brought to an end, he was forced to return home with Lord Strafford, who was with him and the army, to meet the Long Parliament and a far more serious rebellion.

The two most celebrated prose tracts issued by Drummond in the course of the struggle was his *Skiamachia* ("Fighting with Shadows") and his *Remoras* ("Stops and Delays"), for the National League, in the latter of which are some of the soundest reasons that can be given, not only against the "Solemn League and Covenant," but against any League independent of the chief authority in the kingdom. These, and many other sharp words from his well known pen, soon stamped him as a "malignant" of the deepest dye, and when Montrose was proclaimed Viceroy after his successful Royalist rising and victory at Kilsyth in 1645, one of his first acts was to issue his "protection" to Drummond of Hawthornden—

James, Marquis of Montrose, His Majesty's Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of Scotland.

These are to will and command all officers and soldiers in this present expedition for repressing this treasonable and unnatural rebellion . . . that none of them trouble or molest Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, his said lands, with houses, biggings, &c.

Given at our Leaguer of Bothwell, &c.

MONTROSE.

Drummond replied by a letter of thanks, and joyful congratulations that "the golden age" of peace was come again; but, as we all know, it was only a transient, flattering gleam of success. The noble and knightly Montrose was one of the last in Scotland to lay down arms, but after direct, repeated commands from the King, he consented to go into exile, went down into the Lowlands to settle his affairs, and embarked for Norway at Stonehaven, in 1646. One of his very last acts was to write to Drummond—

To Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Sir,—Having the occasion of this so trusty a bearer, I could not but remember to you all my best respects, and acknowledge your good affection, and all your friendly favours. For which, and your so constant loyalty towards His sacred Majesty and his service, besides your own so much personal deserving, I must entreat you to believe, that in all times and fortunes, you will find me ever, sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

Montrose, August 19, 1646.

MONTROSE.

It was certainly worth a good deal of annoyance and risk to receive such a letter as this from the man who had so persistently acted out his own mottoes—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all!

With Montrose's exile, all was virtually lost for Charles. In spite of every effort on the part of a few, notably the Duke of Hamilton, with whom Drummond strenuously exerted himself in his over-ingenious *Objections against the Scots answered*, the ever-infamous bargain was struck with the Scottish nation to surrender the King for £400,000, and he was left in the hands of the Parliament Commissioners at Newcastle [1647]. Exactly two years afterwards, the royal captive, ennobled by his misfortunes, and raised by the popular compassion even to the standard of "martyrdom," laid his head on the block at Whitehall; and Drummond, upon whom the double blow of the King's murder and the fall of the monarchy made the deepest impression, died in the same year of 1649, wanting only a few days of the age of sixty-

four. He was buried in the burial aisle of his own parish church at Lasswade, of which fact frequent mention is made in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

In this notice of the Life of Drummond of Hawthornden, it has necessarily been chiefly regarded on its literary side; but there are many scattered evidences here and there, both in his prose and poetical remains, that his thoughtful, grave, and introspective character led him, as it always must lead men not absolutely in bad faith, to many glimpses of religious truth. His prose *Cypress Grove* contains several noble passages, reflecting on the real and lasting benefits of death, in which he struggles manfully against the prevalent heathen gloom of habitually dwelling upon the monuments, "marbles," shrouds, and "ghosts" in "Elysian Fields." Catholic readers will also be surprised to find, among much that is objectionable in his poems, several fine translations or adaptations from the hymns for great feasts in the breviary, together with other spiritual songs, furnishing another testimony to that craving after the faith which is so manifest in the seventeenth century poets. And to leave those of our readers who do not care to seek farther for themselves under the most favourable impression of Drummond of Hawthornden, we will conclude with his—

HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

Bright portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled light
Submits to Him its beams;
And He doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to the sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found His feet beneath;

The milky way comes near ;
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each burning sphere,
That robed in glory heaven's King may ascend.

O well-spring of this All,
Thy Father's image live,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live,
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All Truth, Love, Beauty, Good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given !

Experiences in the Prussian Ambulances.

[THE following pages are literally translated—as many of our readers will probably guess—from a German narrative of actual experience in the ambulances during the late war. We have thought better to add no embellishments or amplifications of any kind. And we trust that this simple account of a part of the real miseries which war, even between the most civilized nations, must always occasion, may tend in some measure to balance the effect produced on certain minds by the narratives of the brilliant manœuvres and dashing feats of arms during the German-French War which are now so common].

I.

In the beginning of September, 1870, I, and seven other religious, well equipped with all the necessities of an ambulance expedition, were standing round the breakfast-table in one of the principal German towns. After refreshing ourselves, and providing for coming hardships, we walked through the still, dark, and deserted streets to the railway station, where our pass procured us places in a second-class carriage, a pleasure we enjoyed for the last time; for in France, where at that time ninety thousand French soldiers were travelling from Sedan to the German fortresses, all the carriages were engaged, and we, like many other free and independent Germans, were conveyed in cattle-trucks. We reached the German frontier at Saarbrücken, where we found many of our fellow-labourers in full work. One of these advised us to divide into two parties, and in this way to visit the villages round Metz, and offer our services to the physicians, “for they alone,” said he, “have the power of giving you employment; but if you go in so large a party as eight, you will not be accepted, for the doctors are afraid of too many cooks spoiling the broth.”

Events proved that he was right, as will be seen. As all the ambulances at Saarbrück were sufficiently provided with assistants, we went on, by a provision-train, to Courcelles, intending to offer ourselves to one of the Catholic Knights of Malta there, for we never doubted finding employment in a place where so many thousand Prussians were lying wounded, and suffering from dysentery and typhus. We were stopped at Fauquemont, as the line was occupied by trains carrying prisoners; so submitting to our fate, we finished our last morsel of German bread, shut the door of our cattle-truck, and lay down on its hard floor to sleep. At the end of an hour we were awakened by loud voices and hammering.

"Hallo, there ! open the door !" shouted the voices.

We jumped up in a fright, and groped about in the dark for the door. "Who are you ?" we asked.

"Who are we ? why, your fellow-travellers."

"I am the merchant from Kaiserslautern, with the charitable gifts for the army."

"And I am the gunsmith of the besieging party at Metz."

"And here is the son of Abraham, the provisioner."

"Oh !" we said to ourselves, "these are the gentlemen who were travelling on our truck, and got out in hopes of finding supper and beds at Fauquemont ; so they have come back, after an unsuccessful search, to share our quarters."

We did our best to open the door, but in vain.

"It wont stir," I cried, "it must be locked on the outside."

An oath or two followed from the gunsmith ; and the Jew said, "Alas ; did I not tell you that the latch is gone, and we have no key ?"

After much more noise and consultation, they borrowed a lantern, an iron bar, and a hammer from the stoker. The loud blows attracted the sentinel's attention, and while we were all busy pushing, heaving, hammering, and shouting, the Prussian patrol thundered out : "Halt ! who goes there ?" When they had satisfied him by showing their pass, he gave his assistance in breaking the latch, and received as a reward, a share of the merchant's wares, consisting of tobacco, brandy, stockings, and drawers. The latter gentleman then turned to us, saying, "Pardon this night surprise, gentlemen ; but I prefer sleeping on the hard floor to stopping in that French nest of robbers, were no one can be trusted."

He had, however, trusted some one there sufficiently to buy a bottle of good French wine, which soon made him talkative ; and he told us that he had been through the whole of the American War as captain, before this he had fought, in 1848, as a revolutionist, on the barricades of Mannheim, and in consequence, had been imprisoned for six years in the fortress of Rastadt. Here he learned that all republican and revolutionary ideas are nonsense, a view confirmed by his American experience ; and so he had put up his sword into the scabbard, and set up as a tobacconist, with no greater ambition than to live quietly under any king or emperor in the world—even the Emperor of China.

"So then," interrupted the gunsmith, with an ironical smile, "it seems that the profession of arms was not your real vocation, for a true soldier dies upon his shield."

"O my good friend," said the old merchant, clapping the young gunsmith paternally on the shoulder, "I fear neither king nor devil, I have spoken with both."

After this conversation, we again settled ourselves to sleep, in the calm confidence inspired by the thought of that great King, under

Whose protection we were. At day-break, some of our party joined the three gentlemen in a hunt for breakfast in the village. We took a short cut through a field close to a line of powder-waggons, guarded by sentinels. Just as we were passing, a rifle-shot from a distance, aimed at the waggon, whistled close to our heads. The officer on guard, with his sword drawn, and the soldiers with fixed bayonets, came down upon us, thinking we were the guilty parties. However, our pass cleared us, and we escaped with nothing worse than a fright. In addition, we learned the lesson to give a wide berth, in future, to these blueish-grey powder-waggons.

On we went, single file, to the various inns, but nothing did we get but some peevish remarks from the owners. At last we betook ourselves to the sutler of a regiment, whose stall was surrounded by soldiers, like a pot of honey by flies. We joined the party, and after receiving our portion of weak coffee, bread, and rancid butter, which we thought delicious, returned to the truck, where we found the Jew in a state of great excitement.

"Alas! gentlemen," he cried, "I am robbed, ruined, killed, miserably cheated; what shall I do? I am a poor man—they have broken open my waggon, and stolen sixty loaves of bread. What shall I do? Tell me—advise me, for heaven's sake!"

"My poor fellow," said the merchant, "you can do nothing—the loaves are gone to the devil, and will not come back; but I advise you to give information to the commandant of this station."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Jew, "I shall be wiser another time; I will sleep in the same waggon with my loaves in future. I don't think they will want to carry me off along with them."

While the Jew was mentally revolving many schemes for concealing the absence of the sixty loaves from the Commissariat officer at Remilly, we tried to find out at what hour our train would resume its journey; but neither commandant, station-master, nor stoker knew anything about it, beyond hinting at the probability of another night's delay. There was no help for it, and the best thing we could do was to look out for a dinner. Some of our friendly readers may be thinking that we were doing nothing but foraging for breakfast, dinner, and supper; but we must remind them, that in time of war, soldiers and other warlike people have to snatch a meal as they best can, never knowing where or when the next will be. Through forgetting this important rule, the Emperor William himself, beginning to feel hungry after returning thanks for the victory of Sadowa, was obliged to content himself with a sausage out of his groom's pocket; so no one must be surprised at us.

All our provisions of the previous day, as well as those of the merchant and the gunsmith, being consumed, it was unanimously decided that the eight gentlemen in black should cater for the dinner. Fully conscious of the importance of the charge, and desirous to acquit ourselves of it with credit, we despatched two of our number to forage.

The first object that presented itself was the provision magazine near the railway station. They felt attracted to the spot. Timidly and modestly they entered, and presented their wants to the provision-master, and, to touch his heart more effectually, showed their yellow pass. He immediately understood that they had a right to demand rations, and ordered them a supply of beef, bread, coffee, rice, and salt for two days. Now we had the materials for a good dinner, but who was to cook it? To solve this question we entered the first inn, offering good pay if they would convert our supply of meat into beefsteaks and soup; but we were dismissed with the answer, "No cook, no fire, no wood, nothing, nothing at all!" The same ill success awaited us at a second and third inn; and we were returning to the railway station in a depressed state of mind, when we met an old peasant-woman, who offered to cook all our provisions. "Cook them, and bring them to the station before the train starts, and we will pay you well for your trouble; if you come too late, then the provisions are yours."

Having concluded this hazardous bargain, we returned to our waggon and our friends, in whom we raised the highest expectations. At the end of three hours, arrived, not the peasant-woman, but a telegram ordering the immediate departure of our train. Our rejoicing was almost equalled by our despair. Already the shriek of the engine is heard, the train is in motion, still no provisions appear on the horizon. The speed increases, when suddenly, behold the woman with a large covered basket; a short run, a sturdy heave, and the precious basket is safe in our arms; then a large round loaf comes flying through the air, and we are dashing away without having had time to pay the poor woman. It was very unfortunate; but a way was found out of the difficulty. Our fellow-traveller, the merchant, who was to return the same way in a few days, undertook to seek out our faithful cook, return her basket, and pay her for her trouble. Then, by common consent, the basket was solemnly opened, and a cry of mingled surprise and delight broke from all. There was first a capacious soup-kettle, filled to the neck, then a large frying-pan containing à-la-mode beef, next a towering coffee can, and six cups, plates, spoons, knives and forks. "Long live the old peasant!" shouted the merchant with enthusiasm. The soup-kettle was immediately invested by our troops; every man did his duty, and courageously seized his arms; deep approaches were made; breach after breach was effected, and with the powerful assistance of the stoker and guard, who joined us, attracted by the savoury smell, we soon looked down upon the ruins we had made.

Encouraged by the share we had taken in the operations and sufferings of the besieging army before Metz, we proceeded to the battlefield. But now sad scenes began to meet our eyes. Nearly every village along the line of railway was deserted. Now we saw one in the distance, burnt down, its walls battered by cannon balls, showing that a hard fight had been fought there. Now, at the bottom of the steep

railway embankment there lay the débris of broken waggons, which had been flung over, empty, or with their passengers, as the case may be. At Remilly the provision trains were crowded, one behind the other, to the right and left; immense sacks filled with corn and loaves were piled up in the adjoining fields; but being unsheltered from the rain, which had been falling for a month, they were lying deep in mud and water; the wheat and the oats were growing, and sprouting through the sacks, and the bread was mouldy and rotting. At length we reached Courcelles, the last station before Metz; here, or in the neighbourhood we had hoped to find occupation, but we were doomed to disappointment. Two of our party went into the village to seek for a Knight of Malta; while the rest of us took shelter from the pouring rain under a shed. What we saw in this place gave us an idea of the misery and sufferings of the besieged army. On a hillock to the right, infantry and cavalry were bivouacking, wet through and through, lying on the ground with no shelter but that afforded by a few branches; the soldiers had vainly tried to light a fire with the wet green wood; it would not burn, and the poor fellows had to give up the prospect of even a warm dinner. Under these circumstances, the sutler's booth, where hot grog was to be had, was besieged day and night. In a plain at the foot of this hill was a large park of waggons and cars, six inches deep in mud and water; the horses in their harness, stiff, lame, tired out, and scarcely able to stand; the drivers, with only a blanket or a ragged cloak to cover them, and with despair written on their emaciated faces, looked like men condemned to death. These are the men who always seemed to me the most to be pitied of all; for they were most of them elderly, and married, with families at home, and scarcely any care was taken of them. They did not belong to the regular army, but were well-to-do farmers and peasants from all parts of the German Empire, who had been compelled to follow the troops, with their horses and carts, after receiving a written promise that they should be paid six shillings a day, in money, besides having food for themselves and their horses, and that their term of service was to be only six weeks. None of these promises were fulfilled. They told us that many of them had been exposed day and night for two months to frost and rain, in their summer clothes, with no shelter for themselves or their horses, and that during that time they had only twice received a small pittance of three shillings. We afterwards met with many of them in the hospitals and ambulances round Metz, where, worn out with fatigue and want, they became a prey to typhus and dysentery. Several deserted, leaving their horses and carts behind, and with fever and dysentery upon them, fled back to Germany to die at home. Wherever we fell in with these men afterwards in our work of charity, we distributed clothes, food, and stimulants freely amongst them, convinced that they needed them most of all. It was stated in the German newspapers, that, more than a year after the war was ended, these men had not yet been paid for their labours, in spite of the five millions exacted from the French.

But to return to our journey. We went to a house where we heard that a Knight of Malta was stationed, and he received us very kindly telling us, however, at the same time that he could give us no employment; he had nothing to do even for his ten Sisters of Mercy, whom he had brought from Germany. Weeks before he had turned the church into a hospital, with forty beds for the sick and wounded, of whom there were great numbers; there were the beds still unoccupied, for the Prussian physicians would not intrust any sick to them, preferring to leave them exposed to the inclemency of the weather, on a little straw, in open sheds near the railway station. He was on the point of returning to Germany with his Sisters of Mercy, and he strongly advised us to do the same. "The Prussians," he said, "will not have us Catholics."

This was very sad, but experience taught us its truth. Notwithstanding we determined to try our fortune, and accordingly inquired how matters stood in the other villages round Metz. No one could tell us. A German Catholic priest, belonging to the army, who had just arrived, told us that he had been everywhere rejected. Soon after, another priest came from Corny, on the other side of Metz, who, we hoped, might give us better news. But it was in vain. "They don't want you at Corny."

"At Ars, then?" we said.

"Nor at Ars either. Your brethren there are on the point of returning to Germany; and besides, the roads to Corny and Ars are almost impassable from the rain."

Sad news indeed! What were we to do? We could not remain where we were; and so, in a little dark garret, with the cannon of Metz audible in the distance, we held a council of war, and it was decided to beat a retreat.

Next morning, in pouring rain, we began our homeward journey with very heavy hearts. At the railway station we found several sick and wounded soldiers, eagerly waiting for a train to return to Germany. We had just jumped into a railway carriage, when, to our surprise, our old fellow-traveller, the Kaiserslantern merchant, greeted us with these words—

"Hallo, gentlemen! Have you had enough of it already, and are you returning to Germany?"

"Not exactly," we answered, in some confusion; but quickly recovering ourselves, we added, in the words of Napoleon the Third, "We are retreating a little, to concentrate our forces." We were all rather put out; and the nearer we approached to Saarbrück the less we liked our position. On entering the town a telegram was handed to us, saying that the eight brothers in black were to return at once to Corny, where their services were urgently required. This raised our spirits, and we were soon on our way back to Metz. It was dark when, at eight in the evening, we reached Remilly.

"All out! All out of the carriages!" shouted guard and station-

master. Out we got accordingly, and asked for lodging for the night.

"There is none to be had; the houses are all full of soldiers and wounded."

"Well, but where are we to pass the night?"

"Where you please, sir; here or there," pointing to the bivouac-fires round which soldiers, card-sharpers, and Jews were gathered.

Not caring to join them, we asked the guard whether we might not sleep in one of the carriages. "No, certainly not; all out!"

I took him aside, and said, in a low voice, "I am not particular to a thaler or two, if you will allow it."

"Ah," he answered, in the same tone, "that is quite another thing. Step into one of the second-class carriages, draw the curtains, blow out the lamp, and hold the door to if any one tries to get in."

No sooner said than done. He got his thaler, and we slipped into the dark carriage as quiet as mice. Soon the cry of "All out" ceased, and everything was silent. A little cold supper, a short night prayer, and we laid our heads on the cushions, and fell asleep, thinking a pillow and a good night's rest cheaply purchased at a thaler in such troubled times. But, alas! the expectation of a quiet night soon proved delusive. We had slept about an hour, when a loud and continuous noise roused me. I listened; it came nearer and nearer, louder and louder. Good heavens, what is it? The sentinels call to arms, the soldiers rush from the bivouac-fires, and form round their officers; then a blaze of light shot up on the other side of the village. It grew brighter every moment, and now I could plainly distinguish the footsteps of thousands of men tramping, with shouts and uproar, through the village. Hundreds of torches lit up the darkness, and now I could see the men. But how is this? They all wear red trousers, and they are talking French. My companions had now sprung from their sleep, and asked what was the matter. "I hardly know what to think," I answered, "look for yourselves. Those are Frenchmen. I am afraid it is some surprise."

Anxiously and wonderingly we watched through the window the Prussian soldiers hurrying hither and thither, occupying the streets and the railway station. And now, shouting noisily, the French rushed past our windows, to the next set of carriages, which they took possession of. They were all laden with blankets, cloaks, and other luggage, but some of them carried arms. At the end of an hour three thousand of them were packed and crammed into the various carriages. The engine whistled, and away they sped, through the dark night, to the scene of their captivity. Now it was all plain: these were some of the prisoners taken at Sedan. The torches were extinguished, the soldiers went back to their camp-fires, and all was again quiet.

Once more we lay down, hoping to make up for our lost rest; but in vain. Three times that night we were roused in the same way. It was

three in the morning before we got any rest. Presently, it was then broad daylight, we started up as there came a heavy thump at our carriage door. We looked out, and asked what was the matter.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen, this train is starting at once for Saarbrück."

"No! for heaven's sake; certainly we are not going to Saarbrück!"

Out we jumped with all speed, for the train was almost off; and there we stood, with our heavy luggage, in the light of the newly risen sun.

After much negotiation, and numerous journeys through the village from one officer to another, we at last succeeded, after three hours, in obtaining a miserable cart, two lame horses, a driver, and a most peaceful looking foot-soldier for our escort. We seated ourselves as comfortably as circumstances permitted, and we had left the village about a mile behind us, when, to make sure that all was right, I asked the driver if he knew the way to Corny.

"No, dear sir," was the frank reply, "that I don't!"

"But where does this road lead to?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then, thunder and lightning! stop, and let us ask!"

Just at this moment an officer of hussars rode by, who kindly directed us the whole way to Corny, village by village; luckily we were in the right road. Numerous carts were coming and going, and our German driver often got us into difficulties, running the pole into the ribs of several horses, and taking us into the ditch, when we told him to make way. However, we reached Pont-à-Mousson, without any serious mishap. As we went along, we noticed the cart-drivers and the soldiers of the provision-trains breaking into the vineyards, and gathering the unripe grapes, in spite of the commands and remonstrances of their officers. The French had a poor harvest of grapes that year; and the dysentery a rich one among the Germans.

At Pont-à-Mousson, we sent back our cart and escort, after getting an order from the commandant, for a second one to take us the rest of the way to Corny. But when the officer appointed one of the cart-drivers to take us and our luggage to Corny, he begged that his worn-out horses might be spared, and some one else named in his place. The officer repeated his orders harshly and sternly; then the poor man, bursting into tears and sobs, pointed to the hoofs of his horses, which were without shoes, split, and bleeding.

Indeed, the poor beasts could hardly move. He went on to say that when he was compelled to leave his house in the Black Forest, in Southern Germany, a promise had been given that he should return after a fortnight's service; he had now been three months with the army, without receiving any pay for himself, or food for his horses; and though many others from his native village had been allowed to go home weeks ago, he had always been detained.

Just then, three other drivers came up with beaming faces, and holding out their hands, said that they were just starting for their

homes, and asked if they should bear his greetings to his aged mother, his wife, and children. At these words his grief burst forth afresh, and with heavy sobs he buried his face in his hands. We were deeply moved, and I asked the officer whether he could not give us other horses and another driver, and let this poor man return home; but he sternly refused. However, he so far yielded as to promise that he should go home on the morrow, after taking us to Corny. I tried to console the poor fellow as well as I could, promising to get his horses shod at the next village, and to pay him handsomely. We then put our luggage into the cart, and all of us accompanied the slow, limping steps of the horses, on foot. We sought for a blacksmith in the next village, and after much trouble found one; he was actually the only one of his trade in those parts; all the others, having been compelled to follow the German army, were now serving at Metz, Nancy, or Orleans. We asked this last man to undertake the difficult job of shoeing our horses. After thoughtfully eyeing the split hoofs, he silently commenced work, and at the end of two hours we were again on our way, but not before we had enjoyed some refreshment from the generous hospitality of a rich French family residing in the village. Our driver and his horses being in a more cheerful mood than before, we went on more briskly to Corny, where we were joyfully received by the Knight of Malta, who had sent us the telegram, and by our fellow-labourers, several of whom had already been struck down by typhus and dysentery. After a cheerful supper, and a hearty chat with our comrades, we retired to rest. We rose early next morning, and in a large waggon, laden with food, wine, and bandages for our future ambulance we set out for St. Marie aux Chênes, which was to be the scene of our labours, having received a letter of introduction to a Knight of Malta there. At Tourg we passed under the colossal arches of the old Roman Aqueduct which begins at the mountains near Metz, and runs along the Roman Road to Trèves, dividing the whole valley of the Moselle. Crossing this river, we saw on our right the proud fortress of St. Quentin, and, far in the distance, the dome and the walls of the beleaguered Metz. Then, near Ars-sur-Moselle, we entered a deep valley, and began to ascend to the heights of Gravelotte. There we passed the subterranean aqueduct, which supplied Metz with water, and which the Prussians had found and cut; the water was rushing down the valley. We were now at the top of the hill, which stretches some distance, and before us lay the awful, devastated battlefield of Gravelotte, covered with innumerable graves, and broken arms and helmets; on the right and left were burnt and ruined farms and villages. The road was knee-deep in mud, and the rain fell in torrents; it took us five hours of wading and driving to reach St. Marie aux Chênes, where we arrived wet through, and half frozen. Here we are, thank God, safe and sound; may all the rest end as prosperously as our wearisome journey.

The noblest of the Roman statesmen, generals, and Emperors, sought to augur from the flight of birds the good or ill fortune of their

undertakings, so natural is it to man to forecast from small occurrences the issue of great events. So it happened to us. At the entrance of the village stood two gentlemen who looked like, but were not, Prussian officers. Both stooped, both had prominent noses, long projecting chins, coal-black beards, and spectacles. They scanned us with scrutinizing glances, and I thought to myself, "If that pair are not Jews, I am a Dutchman." I had not finished so thinking, when one of them thus addressed me—"Pray, gentlemen, tell me to what order do you belong?"

"We are of the hospitals, sir."

"No, I don't mean that, I can see it myself. What I ask is the name of your order, Redemptorist, Franciscan, Jesuit, or what?"

We told him the congregation to which we belonged.

Then said he to his comrade out aloud, "I told you so;" and he turned his broad back on us. But I thought to myself, "Now it is my turn to ask a question, and if I have given an answer, surely this gentleman can give one too." Politely lifting my hat, I submissively begged to be directed to the abode of the Knights of St. John.

"What do you want with them?" he asked.

"Only to know where they live."

He blunted out impatiently, "Down there in the village," and we were free to go. But I thought to myself that the omen was not good, for that pair of visages had taken away my appetite.

The lodging of the Knights of Malta was distinguished by a large red cross on a white ground. We were announced and went in. Three Knights of St. John,¹ one of Malta and two other gentlemen who were sitting round a table engaged on supper, rose on our entrance. After numerous salutations in dumb show, we introduced ourselves as brothers for the hospital, sent on from Corny to nurse the wounded. "Indeed! Ah! Ver-y-well." Another silent and expectant pause, while the knights looked awkwardly at one another. I did not know what this meant, so I repeated, "Baron N., at Corny, told us that here at St. Marie aux Chênes there was great need of nurses, and so here we are at your disposal, and anxious to be employed. On this the senior Knight of St. John took up the word, "Indeed! Indeed! So you want to administer the consolations of religion to the wounded."

"I beg your pardon," answered I, "we are ready to help in anything, and to perform any service."

"Indeed! Yes! Ah! Very good! But is it not your wish especially to take spiritual charge of the wounded and sick?"

"Ah! ah!" thought I to myself, "there the difficulty lies;" so I answered in a decided tone, "No, sir, not at all. We are not priests, but simple religious brothers, and we have no other designs than to dress wounds, make beds, sweep rooms, and in short do all the work of nurses."

¹ The Knights of St. John are the Protestant branch of the order of the Hospital. Those of Malta the Catholic.

"Yes! Indeed! Ah! That is quite another thing," said the old gentleman more amicably. Murmurs of applause and agreement from the other occupants of the room. Emboldened by this success, we asked if we could begin our labours early next morning in the ambulance. A relapse into embarrassment, hums and haws, and silent glances. At last the Nestor of the party began again, "Well now, my good gentlemen nurses, we are most exceedingly obliged for your good will, and as far as depends on us we would help you in every way. We also hope with all our hearts that you may get employment in our ambulance. But we are not intrusted with the internal arrangements of the ambulance, for this is the department of the head physician, while we only distribute the charitable gifts that come from Germany. Now the chief physician is certainly an excellent man, but he is a bit of a tyrant, who does not like others to meddle in his province. Therefore it would perhaps be best for you to go to him yourselves and make your offer."

This was done. Without delay we went, accompanied by one of the knights, to the lodging of the head physician. He received us with much reserve, and made no advances, neither accepting nor refusing our offer. "First of all," said he, "we must find you a lodging for the night. But perhaps you are already provided with quarters?" I said that we were not, and he then told me of a house where we could be accommodated; and turning to my companion, said, "Perhaps, Baron, you will have the kindness to look after the brothers, who are under your protection, as volunteer nurses; meanwhile, if this gentleman will give me a few minutes, we can talk matters over."

The Knight of Malta promised to do the best he could for us, and took his leave. He had no sooner closed the door behind him than the doctor began to thaw; he graciously offered me a chair, saying, "Now, then, let us have a talk about this business. How many are there of you?"

"Four; three more will arrive in a day or so."

"Ah! so much the better. And so you are brothers, and you understand sick nursing?"

"Yes, we have had some instruction in it; we have nursed in the hospital, and gained some additional experience in this war."

"That's well; then I am heartily glad that you have come, for to speak honestly, military nursing is a poor business generally; of course there are exceptions, but as a rule the nursing of the religious orders is the only one good for much. I will set you to work to-morrow. Now as to the services you will have to render. Of course dressing wounds and assisting at operations are interesting and instructive things, but as we have more than two hundred of the most seriously wounded here, we doctors undertake the daily dressing ourselves. But, as you must know, the watching of the sick and wounded, day and night, attention to cleanliness, and things of that sort are as important; I might almost say the most important part of nursing."

"We will undertake all that most willingly, doctor. We are not at all particular what we do, and shall never think whether our work is interesting or not, so long as we are of the utmost use possible to you and the wounded."

"Come, that's famous," answered the doctor. "I see we are of the same mind. The only question now is, which ambulance I shall appoint you to, for I mean to put you all together, and give you an ambulance all to yourselves, so that you will be free to manage as you think best, and will have no trouble with military nurses. We have four different ambulances or stations, with about two hundred wounded; and one with seventy dysentery and typhus patients, who want help most of all. But I daresay you would prefer an ambulance for the wounded."

"Doctor," I said abruptly, "if the need is most pressing among the dysentery and typhus patients, pray let us take charge of them; we wish to be where we are most wanted."

"Will you really undertake that ambulance?" said the doctor, much pleased; "then I am very grateful to you; for I must tell you that hitherto very little has been done there; the nurses are afraid, and do not like the work, and some of them have fallen sick. You will have a tough business, but I give you *carte blanche*, and whatever you want, come straight to me. All that can be settled to-morrow; will you come to me early in the morning, say nine o'clock? Till then, good-bye, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can in your quarters."

Well pleased with this first interview, our next business was to find our lodging; not a very easy matter, as it had become dark. We had to knock several times, before the door was opened by a little old peasant-woman, who was a good deal startled by the four black figures. We proclaimed our intention of taking up our abode in the house, but she would not hear a word about it; there was not a bit of room in the house; there were wounded on the upper floor, two sergeants downstairs, and she and her husband lived at the back.

"Ah, but," I said, "the head physician and commandant told me that there was a room unoccupied here, and we mean to have it."

When the old woman saw how well we knew our bearings, she was a good deal surprised, still she did not give in yet.

"The *pasteurs prussiens* cannot possibly sleep in that room."

"Why not?"

"Because it is quite empty."

"All the better—we shall have more room."

"But I have no beds."

"We will sleep on the floor."

"And I have no table and no chairs."

"Then we will sit on our boxes."

"But I can give you nothing to eat."

"That's of no consequence, we have brought plenty with us."

"But some of our wounded died in the room," cried the old woman, driven to desperation.

"Then we will do our best to live in it. You see, madame, the commandant has given orders for us to lodge here; and his orders must be obeyed. So please make way, madame."

So saying, we seized the door, and pushed our way in. Our boxes and baskets were put in our room, some trusses of straw shaken down on the floor, and we lay down to sleep. Although it was close packing, and the place smelt strongly of corruption, we were thankful at least to have a roof over our heads. In the course of the night, however, I was doomed to a disagreeable surprise, and to a discovery of the disadvantage of our room. I awoke suddenly after midnight with a sensation of cold in my head; my face was covered with some fluid of a most offensive smell, which was dropping on me from the roof. "What can it be?" I thought; "it cannot be raining in, for the woman said that there were wounded in the room overhead, and I could hear their groans distinctly."

I struck a light, and found that I was covered with matter, which no doubt was soaking through the chinks of the boarded floor. I had no water to wash with; and there was nothing for it but to wait till morning, when I was convinced that my conjectures were correct. Right over me lay a poor Brandenburger, with a shattered hip, from which matter and blood had flowed profusely in the night. Certainly it was not a baptism of fire, but a regular ambulance baptism.

By nine o'clock we were, according to our appointment, at the quarters of the head physician, or chief staff-surgeon, as he was also called.

"Good morning, gentlemen; you are very welcome. I will come at once with you to the typhus ambulance, and introduce you to the doctors there. But first of all, I have a request to make to you, which you must grant; will you do so?"

"Most willingly, doctor, if it is at all possible."

"Well then," he continued, "I want you to undertake the management of the *dépôt*, and the distribution of the charitable gifts to the different ambulances. Hitherto this has been done by the inspector; but I cannot employ him in this way any longer, for reasons which I must not mention. Besides, the inspector has enough to do with writing, and the care of the linen and bandages; he has no time for anything else. The long and short of it is, I want you to undertake the office; you see I consider these gifts as national property, with which I am intrusted, and for the distribution of which I am responsible. I don't want my name dragged through the dirt after the war, by its being said in the papers that Dr. N.'s ambulance received so many waggon loads of charitable gifts, and that the patients saw nothing of them. I will have all these gifts equally distributed according to the wants of the sick, and not devoured by overseers, and nurses, and other gentry; and I can only be sure that this is so by placing the manage-

ment of the *depôt* in the hands of your brothers of the ——. You understand ?”

“Perfectly, doctor, and I thank you for showing us so much confidence, but you must allow me first to put one question to you.”

“Well, what is it ?”

“Will not the inspector be annoyed at our turning him out of the *depôt*, and visit his indignation upon us? We should not like to get into a quarrel the first day.”

“Leave that to me ; I am master here, the inspector has nothing to do with it ; and if he makes a fuss, you have only to tell me ; I will soon let him know how things stand. Come, now, will you accept the office ?”

“Not very eagerly, doctor ; but we will try, as it is your wish.”

“That is right—thank you ;” and so he settled it.

(To be continued.)

Sir Amias Poulet and Mary Queen of Scots.

PART THE SECOND.

THE chief persons employed by Walsingham in his plot to destroy Mary of Scotland, were Gifford, Phelippes, and the brewer at Burton, with some other lesser villains. Gilbert Gifford was a younger son of an old Catholic family of some standing in Staffordshire. The family was staunchly Catholic, and Gilbert's father had suffered imprisonment for the Faith. Gilbert's elder brother had a place at the Court of Elizabeth, and an uncle of his, named William, was a priest and taught theology in the Catholic College at Rheims. This College, originally founded at Douay, and which was removed there again after fifteen years spent at Rheims, was the Seminary of the English secular clergy, and it was to this College that Gilbert Gifford was sent, where in due time he was ordained deacon, and afterwards received the appointment of reader in philosophy. Subsequently, Gifford is represented as having travelled to Paris, where he made acquaintance with Morgan in the Bastille, with Charles Paget, his cousin Throgmorton, and the Archbishop of Glasgow. From certain indications later in life, it is probable that he formed other intimacies of a kind detrimental to his moral character, and took the first steps in the path of infamy and perdition that finally led him into connection with Walsingham. He is stated to have had a youthful and beardless face ; his manners were simple, and tinged with somewhat of foreign polish, and he was an accomplished linguist. Mr. Froude thus sums up his qualifications for the odious office he had undertaken—"So far as possessing the confidence of the ultra-Catholics, he was everything that was to be desired. His father was a confessor, one of his brothers was the confidant of Parma, and aspiring to regicide, another was in a position, if he could be prevailed on, to assist in striking the blow. He himself was the dexterous, subtle, many tongued, and thoroughly and completely trained pupil

of the Jesuit school. He had already gained the regard of Morgan. To be trusted by Morgan was to be trusted by the Queen of Scots. On all sides he was exactly suited to Walsingham's purpose."

Throughout his *History*, we may observe, Mr. Froude is fond of attaching the epithet of Jesuit to persons who "never had anything in the world to do with the Society of which St. Ignatius of Loyola was the founder." "Thus," continues Father Morris,¹ "Anthony Tyrrell and Foscue, or Fortescue, better known as Ballard, are 'two young English Jesuits.' So also, 'neophytes, when their conversion was completed, were drafted off to Douay or Rheims, were admitted, most of them while their imaginations were still fevered, into the Order of Jesus.' When this curious system of misnaming men is understood, it is of course possible to make allowances when reading the book, so as not to be perpetually misled; but as some were really Jesuits and some were not, among the multitude whom Mr. Froude so calls, it is, to say the least, confusing; and as the appearance of the word in Mr. Froude's pages is the signal for an offensive attack, perhaps those who really are not Jesuits may not like it. For instance, the order that helped to keep the English Catholics patient through their persecutions may think it hard that it should be said, 'so for ever sang the Jesuits,' that 'one brave shot or dagger stroke' would send 'the carcass of Jezebel to the dogs, and would write the name of the assassin among the chivalry of heaven.'" The notice of Gifford in the above passage is a case in point. Mr. Froude says, "he was a thoroughly and completely trained pupil of the Jesuit school." And in another place he tells us that "he was taken from England when he was eleven years old, and the order therefore had him entirely to themselves, to shape for good or evil." But, as a matter of fact, Gilbert Gifford had no "Jesuit training," and "the order" never had anything to do with him, for the College in which he was brought up was, as we have seen, the Seminary of the English secular clergy, and not a training place for Jesuits.²

Gifford left England for France on the eve of the unmasking of the plot, never to return. He wrote from Paris

¹ P. 143.

² We are sorry to see that Mr. Hosack, whose second volume has appeared since these pages were written, has fallen into the same mistake as Mr. Froude, and calls Gilbert Gifford a Jesuit, which he was not (pp. 334, 335).

both to Phelippes and Walsingham, begging them not to put a wrong interpretation on his sudden departure, and professing that they would find him the same man as long as they would deal secretly. The necessity for secrecy arose from the fact that all had been discovered by the Catholics, and that in consequence he was in great disgrace with them. Notwithstanding this assertion, he subsequently visited Rheims and Rouen, and was ordained priest in the former city. In April, 1587, he returned to Paris, and before the end of the year was arrested and confined in the prison of the Bishop of Paris. A priest, who signs himself Henry Cæsar, writes to Walsingham, that "Gifford, being a priest, lived in Paris, and was apparelled as our disguised priests are in England, whereat divers men are offended." "The occasion of his first taking was for that he was taken of a sudden in a suspected house." Sir Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador, did what he could for him, though he afterwards had reason to form a right estimate of Gifford's character, whom he declares to be "the most notable, double, treble villain that ever lived, for he hath played upon all hands in the world."

Notwithstanding this, Gifford, under the name of Jaques Colerdin, or Francis Hartley, found means in prison to carry on his correspondence with Phelippes and Walsingham, and it was he who gave information of the arrival on the English mission of Father John Gerard, and of other priests with him, in 1588. He thus remained steeped in villainy till his death, which took place in prison in 1590.

Thomas Phelippes, the other great instrument in the plot, was Walsingham's confidential secretary, and noted for his skill as a decipherer. Such an accomplishment was of no small value when communications in cipher formed so large an element in diplomatic operations. We have a portrait of this man from Mary's own hand. She had seen Phelippes at Chartley, and thus writes of him to Morgan, July 27, 1586—"This Phelippes is of low stature, slender every way, dark yellow-haired on the head, and clear yellow bearded, eated in the face with small-pocks; of short sight, thirty years of age by appearance, and, as is said, Secretary Walsingham's man." Mr. Froude refines upon this description—"Mary Stuart knew Phelippes by sight, a spare, pock-marked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty."

Mr. Froude, no doubt, could not find it in his heart to hand down the constructive murderer of Mary Queen of Scots as the mean-looking scoundrel that he was. Father Morris points out two other inaccuracies into which Mr. Froude has fallen, with reference to Mary and Phelippes, when he states that Mary made some attempts to bribe Phelippes at Chartley, and also that she "had no particular suspicion of him," but we must content ourselves with merely adverting to them. On the honesty and veracity of Phelippes, as we shall see later, the life of Mary Stuart depended. What his stock of honesty and veracity was, may be gathered from the following sketch that Father Morris gives of his subsequent career.

It is significant that while he was busily engaged in this work, May 3, 1586, Sir Francis Walsingham writes to tell him that the "Queen has signed his bill for a pension of one hundred marks, and takes his services in good part." Hardly less significant is Poulet's promise to him a month later, that he "will let him know if he hears anything of Lord Paget's meet for him."

In a letter previously given, Elizabeth had promised to be "otherwise good to him." We see what the expression meant, when we examine this man's career during her reign. He was appointed "Customer," that is, Collector of Petty Customs of the Port of London, in which office he had for a colleague Mr. Justice Richard Young, with whose name the Catholics of that time were so well acquainted. Now it will hardly be credited by those who know how extremely penurious Elizabeth was, that Phelippes contracted in two years to the Crown a debt of £11,683 6s. 6¼d. He lost his office, but he was treated with great lenity. He was liberated from prison, his annuity continued, and his land restored to him, on a promise to pay his debt within eighteen months. He did not pay it, at least in full, and he seems to have dictated his own terms, for the draft of the warrant of the Exchequer was drawn up by him.

On the accession of James the First, Phelippes had other terms to look for from the son of the Queen whose death was brought about by his means. His "Apology" (in May, 1603) for meddling in the affairs of the Queen of Scots, falsely declares that the only part he took was deciphering for Government the letters relating to Babington's conspiracy. Then in January, 1604, there is a packet of pretended intercepted letters, endorsed in Cecil's hand, "Letters written by Phelippes, and suggested by him to be counterfeited." The fact was that he spent his life in counterfeiting, and after Walsingham's death he seems to have carried on the old trade that he might get possession of Catholic secrets to sell. As Mrs. Green points out in her preface to one of the volumes of the Calendar of State Papers, his position in the Custom House was favourable to the receipt and despatch of letters. There is a very curious collection of drafts of letters, "suggested by Phelippes," to be written by his instruments, Thomas Barnes and others, to Charles Paget and other Catholics, who little dreamt who their correspondent really was.

At last he corresponded directly with Hugh Owen, who was implicated by Fawkes' confession in the Gunpowder Plot. When arrested on suspicion,

he at once offered to carry on the correspondence for the purpose of betraying the secrets confided to him, as the price of his own liberty. Neither this offer, nor protestations of innocence, with assurances that his sole faults in intriguing with Owen were "seeking some recompense," and "delay in making disclosures till he had things fully ripe," saved him from the Tower. Curiously enough, his old spy and instrument, Thomas Barnes, reported the substance of his correspondence with Owen, and the Lieutenant of the Tower during his imprisonment was Sir William Waad, the same who had been sent to rifle the Queen of Scots' cabinets, when the Babington conspiracy exploded. Mr. Tytler gives at length, in proof of the writer's utter baseness and unscrupulousness, the memorial that Phelippes addressed to Waad, in which he acknowledges under his own hand, the forging of a whole series of letters addressed to an agent of the Spanish Government.

The third necessary instrument in this concatenation of rascality was the brewer at Burton, "the honest man" as he is emphatically called in the correspondence of Poulet. This man occupied the confiscated house of Lord Paget at Burton, and managed to make a good thing of his villainy. He received the pay of Walsingham, and of the Queen of Scots, and, to make the very most of his position, he charged in addition a higher price for the beer with which he supplied the household at Chartley. It was well that this fact did not come to the ears of Elizabeth, else it might have seriously interfered with the smooth working of the plot.

We have now Walsingham's instruments before us, and can form an estimate of their truth and honesty, and judge how far the life of Mary would be safe in such hands, so far as it might be brought within the scope of their machinations, or made to depend upon their sense of justice and of truth.

The machinery that was brought to bear upon Mary is well known, and was simple enough. Mary, as we have seen, was entirely shut off from all means of communication with her friends without by the watchful supervision of Poulet. While the wounds caused by the desertion of her son were yet green, and the sense of her utter helplessness and isolation was hot within her, a gleam of light and hope comes through the darkness. Morgan's credulity had betrayed him into the hands of Gifford, and the means of communication with Mary's most intimate friends, and with the most active of the English Catholics, was at once established. Morgan was the administrator of Mary's dower lands in France, and had been lodged in the Bastille by Henry the Third at the instance of, or, rather, by way of compromise with the English

Ambassador, who demanded the extradition of Morgan on the ground that he had been concerned in Parry's plot for the assassination of Elizabeth, though no proof has ever been brought forward to substantiate the charge. Furnished by Morgan with a letter of introduction to Mary, Gifford arrived in England in December, and this letter was conveyed to her hands by means of the brewer of Burton. The brewer sent a supply of beer weekly to Chartley. A separate cask was sent for the use of the Queen of Scots' ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and into this a wooden box was introduced containing Morgan's letter. Some hint had been given to examine the barrel, the box was found, and the ciphered letter was placed in the hands of the gladdened captive. Gifford was to be trusted, and the wooden box was to be the ark of deliverance for the wearied and drooping Queen. This channel of communication once opened, the most secret and confidential letters passed between Mary and her friends, and Mary and her friends were at the mercy of Elizabeth, Walsingham, and their crew of villains. Or, rather, they were at the mercy of Phelippes. By the connivance of Sir Amias Poulet, who had been taken into the secret, every packet that passed to and fro was at once placed in Phelippes' hands, either at Chartley—though notwithstanding Mr. Froude's assertion that "Phelippes came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of the household," the fact seems to be that Phelippes only paid Chartley two short visits, the former at Christmas, about the time of Mary's arrival, and the other, in which the fatal work was done, beginning on the 14th and ending on the 27th of July—or wherever else the decipherer might take up his temporary residence. The seals of Mary's letters were carefully opened by Arthur Gregory, a satellite of Walsingham's, famous for his skill in that honourable work, then the letters were read, deciphered, and transcribed by Phelippes, and by the latter finally placed in Walsingham's hands. Father Morris enters very fully and minutely into the various details involved in the carrying out of the plot, exposing, it is not too much to say, the habitual inaccuracy of Mr. Froude, but we must perforce pass them over and confine ourselves to one point, to which we would in a special manner direct the attention of our readers. The fact is this, as we have already intimated, that the life of Mary of Scotland was in the hands

of Phelippes. He alone amongst the conspirators possessed the key to her letters, he alone could decipher them, he could put what construction he chose upon them, he could modify, curtail, or expand them at his discretion in the transcripts that he made of them for his employer's use. As Father Morris observes—

For on the veracity of Phelippes, as Mary's life depended then, so do her character and her history depend now. In the Calendar of the "Mary Queen of Scots" State Papers, no less than one hundred and eight are expressly stated to be in this man's handwriting, either that we are dependent on him for the decipher, or that the copy surviving is in his hand. When Mary's papers were seized, it is extremely improbable that the letters in cipher only should have been preserved, and the decipherers made for her use by her secretaries should have all been destroyed. Yet the Calendar attributes but fifteen to Curle, and none to Nau; and of those by Curle most, if not all, were deciphered when he was a prisoner. This Curle himself has been careful to record, though the Calendar neglects to notice it. Over and over again we come upon "Deciphered by me, Gilbert Curle, 5th October, 1586." Then we have to another letter his endorsement, "Upon notes of the Queen's Majesty, my mistress, written by me, Gilbert Curle, 5th October, 1586." And again, "From me to Barnaby (Gilbert Gifford) at the Queen's Majesty, my mistress' commandment, Gilbert Curle, 5th October, 1586." Curle and Nau were arrested in August, and their lives were in grave danger. A note of the "Matters wherewith Curle is to be charged respecting Babington's letter to the Queen of Scots," is dated September 21, and in September Sir Francis Walsingham wrote to Curle "that the favour already granted to him is extraordinary, considering the foulness of his offence," and that he should "have better ground to intercede for him when he shall lay himself open, and show a disposition to deserve the Queen's favour." Under this pressure Curle made the decipherers that have been mentioned.

It comes then to this: the decipherers made for Mary have been destroyed, and those made by Phelippes alone survive. When the secret letters are quoted, this should always be borne in mind.

As an example, take the postscript to Curle, "which," says Mr. Froude, "it was certain the Queen of Scots would see: 'There be many means in hand to remove the beast that troubles all the world.'" This exists only in Phelippes' hand. Which is the more probable, that Morgan had the "inconceivable imprudence," as Mr. Froude well calls it, to put such words on paper, or that Phelippes should have added it to his decipher of this letter? If Elizabeth learnt that "the beast was to be removed," as Mr. Froude tells us, was there not motive enough for the forgery in the wish to excite her fear and hatred of Mary? (pp. 117—119).

We repeat it, then, that Mary's life depended then, that her character depends now, on the truthfulness and honesty of Phelippes, and we may well ask with Father Morris, knowing the manner of man that his career proves him to have been, "Is this the man, having it in his power, unchecked by fear

of discovery, to tamper with the letters he had to decipher, well rewarded for exceptional services, and knowing perfectly what would be acceptable to his employers—is this the man to be quoted as an irreproachable witness, whose evidence is conclusive against Mary?" Is this the man, whose very occupation and whose actual employment were in themselves a confession of the deepest moral degradation, and whose avowal of forgery in other matters is in existence under his own hand, and must therefore put him out of court as a witness to be depended upon in any case whatever—Is this the man, whose unsupported assertion is to end this great controversy? We think not, and we shall not be far wrong in supposing that our readers will think so too.

We are now brought face to face with the Babington conspiracy, and its connection with Walsingham's general plan. According to Mr. Froude, as we have seen, Walsingham's sole object was to gain a knowledge of the contents of Mary's correspondence, and an accurate estimate of her real dispositions with respect to Elizabeth. But such a supposition, as we have shown, would credit Walsingham with doing what was quite superfluous. He had abundant sources of information already at his command. If this be true, then it is hard to conceive any other reason for Walsingham's operations than the desire to involve Mary in some dangerous scheme that might place her at Elizabeth's mercy. Babington's conspiracy was a scheme of this character, and the great question connected with it is this, was it originally an integral portion of Walsingham's design. And here it is necessary to distinguish carefully between the different elements in the Babington conspiracy. Two, or speaking more accurately, three objects were aimed at by Babington and his associates—the Spanish invasion, a general Catholic rising in cooperation with that invasion, and the assassination of Elizabeth. Now it cannot be denied that the plan of a Spanish invasion was a reality. Such a project had been anxiously occupying the attention of Philip the Second and his Council during the early part of the year 1586, and it had been laid before the Prince of Parma, at that time Governor of the Netherlands, who somewhat reluctantly gave in his adhesion to the proposal, for his soldierly instincts taught him to appreciate at their full value the serious obstacles that lay in the way of its execution. Neither did Mary deny her knowledge of the existence of such a design. On the contrary, she avowed her

full cognizance of it, and justly held that in giving it her sanction and encouragement, she was but availing herself of a legitimate weapon for the redress of her own crying wrongs, not to mention the alleviation of the sufferings of Elizabeth's unfortunate Catholic subjects. The plan of an invasion, French or Spanish, had long been amongst the floating political possibilities of the times, and it would most probably have taken some practical shape had the Babington conspiracy never been heard of, as indeed it subsequently did in the shape of the Invincible Armada, when Mary had found rest from her sorrows. And so far this part of the Babington plot may have only fallen in with, and also perhaps given a direction and imparted momentum to, schemes already in agitation. But as to the last part of Babington's designs, the assassination of the Queen of England, Mary did from first to last strenuously deny all complicity, direct or indirect, in any such undertaking. Obviously, then, this last is the crucial point of the whole controversy, and the touchstone which is to decide the question of Mary's innocence or guilt. Bearing these distinctions in mind, therefore, we now return to our inquiry—Was the Babington conspiracy the rash spontaneous effort merely of a few hot-headed young men to deliver a captive Queen, and vindicate the rights of conscience, or was it an artifice of Walsingham and his agents by which these unfortunate youths were betrayed to their own ruin, and that of her whom they risked their lives to serve? Was it part of Walsingham's original plan, or was it, as Mr. Froude maintains, an accidental feeder, not the result of forethought, but seized upon as soon as it came to the surface by the fabricators of the plot, and turned to their purposes with a skill that could not have been surpassed even if they had been willing to lay claim to the honours attaching to the parentage of such an offspring. The answer to this inquiry will depend upon the view taken of the extent of Gilbert and Gifford's agency in the formation of the conspiracy. If there is evidence of Gifford's connection with the first beginning of the plot, nay more, if there is evidence that he was the prime mover in it, just in proportion to the weight of that evidence will be the conviction that the unhappy victims of his unutterable business were nothing more nor less than unconscious instruments in the hands of Walsingham, a yet more unprincipled villain than Gifford himself. For Gifford's action in the matter Walsingham must be held ultimately responsible;

and whatever load of odium and dishonour attaches to the tool in the nefarious transaction, the same must rest with ten-fold infamy upon the memory of the cold and crafty statesman who was the chief mover in the plan. In dealing with this question it becomes necessary to say a few words about another character in this great drama, not so much for his own sake, as on account of the prominence assigned to him by Mr. Froude in connection with the Babington conspiracy. Ballard was a Catholic priest, who, according to Dr. Lingard, had formerly received pay as a spy from some members of the Queen's Council, but had for some years abandoned that disgraceful occupation, and thrown himself with an intemperate zeal into the opposite camp. For some time he had been travelling through various parts of England and Scotland under the name of Captain Fortescue, adorned with blue velvet jerkin and cap and feather, and accompanied by Maude, an old and experienced bloodhound attached to the spy department of the Government. The object of his travels was to collect information for the exiled Catholics in Paris. Subsequently, they proceeded to Paris, where Gifford also was, to report on the results of their journey, and it was then and there that the plot for the assassination of Elizabeth, the rising that was immediately to follow, and the deliverance of Mary, was hatched.

Of this conspiracy, Mr. Froude, as we have seen, says—"It has been represented as set on foot by Walsingham to tempt the Queen of Scots to ruin herself. It was utterly unconnected in its origin either with him or his instruments. The channel of communication which Gilbert Gifford had opened was made use of by the conspirators, but the purpose had no existence in Walsingham's original design, nor does it appear that Gifford himself was even trusted with the secret, or was more than partially, accidentally, or externally connected with either Babington or his accomplices." Mr. Froude then introduces Ballard as "the original instigator" of the plot, acting under the patronage of Mendoza, whose personal hatred for Elizabeth was sharpened by eager desire to avenge himself for his summary expulsion from England. Ballard saw Morgan in the Bastille, who introduced him to Gifford. "Gifford," he goes on to say, "though he accompanied Ballard from Paris to England, was personally ignorant of what was going forward. It was not till afterwards that he learnt it, in

conversation from Ballard himself. Though he probably saw Walsingham in London, therefore he had nothing of moment to make known to him." Such is Mr. Froude's view, and we think it only fair to leave Father Morris to deal with it in his own words—

Blackwood states that two years earlier Gifford was acting as Walsingham's spy at Rheims, and had come twice to London to incite Savage to regicide. And both Morgan's correspondence and Châteauneuf's Memoir mark out Gifford as the prime mover in the plot. For eight months before it was fully organized he had been living in close intimacy with Morgan and the other refugees in Paris. Gifford, Poley, and Phelippes were all in Paris during the summer of 1585, insinuating themselves into the confidence of Mary Stuart through Morgan. Walsingham's agents were already associated with Babington, for letters from Morgan and Paget of that date recommend the trio, Babington, Poley, and Gifford, as persons able and willing to serve the Queen of Scots. In December, 1585, Gifford returned to England, furnished with ample recommendations to Mary from Morgan and from the Archbishop of Glasgow. After presenting himself at the French Embassy in London, he went straight to Phelippes' house, where he lived during the month of January, "practising secretly among the Catholics;" that is, insinuating himself into the confidence of Babington and his friends, and opening Walsingham's route of communication with Chartley. The secret packets for Mary which, acting under Walsingham's directions, he obtained by fraud and falsehood from the French Ambassador, contained nothing which could justify putting her to death; the sufficient "occasion," or "opportunity," as Poulet frankly calls it, had still to be sought. Accordingly, during the spring and summer, Gifford, in concert with Babington and Ballard, was actively developing the conspiracy, crossing frequently to Paris, where he associated himself with Morgan and Paget, and laid their project of revolt and regicide before Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, who, smarting under his own expulsion from England, and resenting on his master's behalf the action of the English Government in the Low Countries, lent a ready ear. "A cette occasion," says Châteauneuf, "le dit de Mendoza n'oublia rien de belles promesses, tant au dit Gifford et à ceux qui étaient à Paris, qu'aux autres qui étaient en Angleterre pour les y inciter, avec promesses d'une armée de mer et de tous les moyens de son maître." Of these facts, Mr. Froude, though he draws a good deal of material from Châteauneuf's Memoir, takes no notice whatever.

Nor is this all. Châteauneuf's statements are confirmed in full by a letter, of which Mr. Froude has made ample use, from Mendoza to Philip. August 13, 1586. In Mr. Froude's resumé of this despatch, Ballard is represented as laying before Mendoza the full details of a formidable conspiracy. He describes the state of religion in England, and gives the particulars of the strength of the Catholic party in the different counties, with a roll-call of noblemen and gentlemen prepared to rise in revolt. In short, the envoy furnishes full information respecting a triple conspiracy, including a plan for a general Catholic rising, a scheme for Elizabeth's assassination, and proposals for a Spanish invasion. So "Ballard told his story" to the Spaniard, who heartily approves everything, particularly the plan of assassination. "Ballard's story" is pretty accurately repeated by

Mr. Froude from his authority, with one startling variation. He has from first to last substituted Ballard's name for that of Gifford in the original. Mendoza opens his report by informing Philip that, some months previously "*un clérigo*" had come over to acquaint him with the Catholic movement in England, but that, the information supplied being incomplete, he had answered only in general terms, at the same time requiring further particulars. In consequence, he reports, the Catholics had sent a second envoy, a gentleman named Gifford, of good family, well accredited, and furnished with ample instructions. Mendoza writes, in full confidence towards Gifford, or, as he more often styles him, "*el gentilhombre*," as will appear from the passage which Mr. Froude has had the courage to reproduce and apply to Ballard. So the letter proceeds. Throughout it is Gifford, not Ballard, to whom the mission of the Catholic party is confided, who unfolds the secrets of the confederacy, and lays open the plan for regicide. It is Walsingham's agent whom Mendoza unsuspectingly welcomes as the negotiator of proposals "so profitable in the interests both of religion and of the King of Spain" (p. 144).

It does not seem that we can add any words that could give additional force to the conclusion that follows naturally from the above extract. Gifford was a prime mover in Babington's plot. He, and not Ballard, was the "instigator" of it. Can it then for a moment be pretended that Walsingham was kept in ignorance of Gifford's movements? Nay, is it going too far to suppose that Gifford's inspirations came from him? If this be true, then our inquiry is directly answered, and every movement in the drama that brought Mary of Scotland to the block was not only under the control of Walsingham's master hand, but originated in his subtle mind, and Mary was the victim of one of the basest crimes that ever stained the annals of statecraft.

Having given this notable instance of Mr. Froude's care in the production of historical documents, Father Morris proceeds to expose the same writer's utter inaccuracy in almost every detail connected with the carrying out of the plot. Want of space forbids our following Father Morris into these interesting matters. We can only record our thanks for the way in which he has tracked the various crooked convolutions of Walsingham's base conspiracy against Mary, and upon which he throws great light up to the end of his second letter-book. This second book ends with the fragment of a letter addressed to Burghley, May 25, 1586. Between the end of this and the beginning of the last letter-book there is again a very long interval, which Father Morris illustrates by copious citations from the letters in the Public Record Office. The last letter-book does not begin till November 21, 1586. It was during this interval that

the plot was completed, the evidence prepared, and the Queen of Scots tried and condemned. We get a glimpse from time to time in Poulet's letters of Mary's life and condition during the residence at Chartley. Mr. Froude puts the best possible face on matters. He represents Mary as having recovered her health and spirits under the unusually indulgent treatment that had been extended to her. As spring advances she was driven out in a carriage, or wheeled in a chair through the garden, and even enjoyed the sport of a duck-hunt in one of the ponds; and when summer came, she was able to mount her horse and gallop with the hounds, or strike a deer with the cross-bow. But unfortunately, as Poulet's letters prove, Mr. Froude drew largely on his own imagination when he made these statements. On one occasion Poulet found her "sitting upon the side of her bed, and not yet able to use her feet." Later on, in June, her lameness is pronounced "desperate." In the short, light nights she was still so ill, that "many of her family were stirring all night." She had "not gone out of her chamber for a month," and had "in every of her legs an issue, which, as they say, is her last remedy." True, as Mr. Froude says, we do "catch a glimpse of her enjoying a duck-hunt;" but we catch no glimpse in Mr. Froude's pages of her being carried to the pond, as "yet able to go very little, and not without help of either side." "In fact," adds Father Morris, "Mary was so helpless and infirm, that even a professional advocate of Queen Elizabeth's hardest proceedings against her wrote the following passage, and then erased it as too true, and telling too severely against the cause for which he was pleading. He wrote that Queen Elizabeth 'had been many times heard to say that she resolved with herself rather to hazard her person and estate to all uttermost danger that perverse fortune or the malice of the said lady could work for the residue of her time, *than to take away that poor life of hers, as a prisoner of such years, so sickly and impotent, and so strongly guarded, her Majesty thought it impossible should be able any ways to annoy her, or to do her any great harm.*'

"As to the unusual indulgence with which she had been treated, Mary herself did not so describe it. 'Mon gardien,' she wrote to Châteauneuf in July, 'continue tousjours ses rigueurs et innovations;' and again, 'depuis quelques jours, se démontre beaucoup plus rigoureux et insolent que de coustume;' and

Phelippes' commentary on it is, 'You may see how she is weary of her keeper, who in truth hath made no such change of his behaviour, but thought it policy to colour matters with his ordinary proceeding used before, thinking remissness would have discovered the practice;' that is, indulgence would arouse Mary's suspicions."³

In the meantime the Babington plot has gradually been taking shape and unfolding itself. We can only pause to give a brief notice of the last act in the drama. It was that upon which the life of Mary was made to depend. The plot had arrived at that stage of its execution that nothing further was wanted than to bring Mary into connection with it. Up to the middle of July, 1586, she knew nothing of Babington's movement on her behalf. And clearly it was of the last importance, as far as her personal safety was concerned, to keep her in ignorance of it. This her friends felt most strongly, and on the weightiest grounds. For, as Mr. Froude observes—

If there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stewart. She could herself do nothing, and to acquaint her beforehand with so dark a purpose was to expose her to gratuitous danger, and was to ask her for a direct sanction, which she could not honourably give.

We find accordingly that Morgan wrote twice to Mary, on April 24 and July 4, 1586, and in both his letters he alludes obscurely to certain movements that were on foot in behalf of Mary, and he holds it best "for some causes that you do not know the same," lest, as he says in his second letter, "they by pains or other accidents discover your Majesty afterwards to have had intelligence with them." It can hardly be doubted that what Morgan referred to in these letters was the Babington plot, which for obvious reasons he wished to keep from the knowledge of Mary. Such no doubt was the dictate of ordinary prudence and common sense. Yet, notwithstanding Morgan's caution in the letters we have been considering, he is credited with a third letter, advising Mary to open a correspondence with Babington, the person of all others with whom it was of the highest moment that she should not be brought into communication. This last letter bears the date of May 9, and if genuine it manifests an inconsistency on Morgan's part that it is well-nigh impossible to explain. "But," as Mr. Hosack suggest, of whose newly published

³ P. 199.

volume we gladly avail ourselves in this matter, "bearing in mind that they all passed through the hands of Gifford and Phillips before they reached Mary, and bearing in mind that Walsingham was at this time in want of evidence to connect Mary with the plot, we cannot but strongly suspect that the fatal advice which now reached her came, not from a friend, but from an enemy."⁴ Morgan accompanied his letter to Mary with the draught of a short note to Babington, which he recommended Mary to copy and send to him. This very unusual proceeding, especially when viewed in connection with Mary's acknowledged accomplishments as a letter writer, together with certain internal evidences that are highly suggestive of fraud, leads Mr. Hosack to express strong doubts as to the genuineness of the entire document. But be this as it may, it is an undoubted fact that this was the first piece of evidence produced against Mary; a fact that amply bears out the view that Walsingham had other designs in his dealings with Mary through the "honest man" at Burton, than the mere acquirement of political knowledge. No such knowledge is forthcoming as having been thus acquired; and even if it should have been obtained, it was evidently not of a damnatory character as far as Mary was concerned.

Before this supposed letter of Mary reached Babington, a very significant correspondence had passed between Poulet, Walsingham, and Phelippes. On June 27 a packet had been sent down to Chartley which Poulet refused to deliver to Mary, on the ground that its contents, which we have now no means of ascertaining, were of such a nature as to involve the "imminent danger" of a total frustration of their plans. Had the papers contained in the packet been genuine there could have been no danger in placing them in Mary's hands. Whence then could danger arise, if not from some contemplated foul play which Poulet's cautious mind regarded as involving too much risk in its execution to be attempted. "I dare not put it in execution," he says, "for fear of the worst." It was in consequence of this difficulty apparently that Phelippes himself was soon afterwards sent down to Chartley to take the management of the affair into his own hands.

It is uncertain when Babington received Mary's supposed letter; but his alleged reply is said to have been received by the Queen of Scots on July 12. On July 14, Phelippes writes

⁴ P. 343.

to Walsingham to tell his employer and fellow-conspirator that Babington's letter placing the plot before Mary, and which came to her straight from Walsingham, had been forwarded through the usual channel. Mr. Froude credits Phelippes with "some remorse" on the occasion. The only sign of remorse Phelippes shows is to draw a gallows on the back of the letter which he sent to Walsingham. The concluding sentences of his letter show the quality of the remorse that afflicted him.

We attend her very heart at the next. She begins to recover health and strength, and did ride abroad in her coach yesterday. I had a smiling countenance, but I thought of the verse—

Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave.

I hope by the next to send you better matter.

Yes, there is little doubt he already well knew what that better matter would be.

Babington's letter is too long for insertion here. It will be sufficient for our purpose to notice one or two passages. We have already dwelt upon the urgent motives which could not fail to weigh with the conspirators to conceal from Mary the plot against Elizabeth's life, and yet in the following passage it is referred to in the plainest terms, and not only that, but in a letter which professes for the first time to apprise Mary of the intended conspiracy, "the despatch of the usurping competitor" is spoken of as if it had been a matter with which she was already well acquainted. The passage in question is as follows—"First, for the assuring of invasions, sufficient strength on the invaders' part to arrive is appointed, with a strong party at every place to join them and warrant their landing, the deliverance of your Majesty, the despatch of the usurping competitor. For the effecting of all, may it please your Majesty to rely upon my service." Commenting on this passage, Mr. Hosack says—

Even in this sanguinary age, we find no other instance in which an intended murder is spoken of in such undisguised and unambiguous terms. If the passage is genuine, it is impossible to explain why it was inserted; if it is spurious, the motive of the interpolator is clear. It was simply to impart to Mary a knowledge of the murderous plot, and to draw from her in reply some expression of assent or approval, which would subject her to the penalties of the recent statute.⁵

This statute, passed in 1584, would seem to have been framed for the express purpose of rendering the Scottish Queen

⁵ P. 350.

amenable to the law of England. It provided that *any* person charged with plotting against the Queen's life might be tried by a Court of twenty-four Commissioners to be named by the Crown. The statute of treasons was sufficiently comprehensive in those times to reach any subject guilty of treasonable offences—but Mary could not with any decency be regarded as a subject; special legislation therefore, in itself illegitimate, was found necessary to meet her case, and bring her within the net.

We will call the attention of our readers to one other passage in Babington's letter.

Myself [he says] with ten gentlemen of quality, and an hundred followers, will undertake the delivery of your person from the hands of your enemies; and for the despatch of the usurper, from obedience of whom, by the excommunication of her, we are made free, there are six noble gentlemen, all my private friends, who, for the zeal they bear the Catholic cause and your Majesty's service, will undertake the tragical execution. It resteth that according to their infinite deserts, and your Majesty's bounty, their heroical attempts may be honourably rewarded in them if they escape with life, or in their posterity; and that so much by your Majesty's authority I may be able to assure them. Now it remaineth only in your Majesty's wisdom that it be reduced into method, that your happy deliverance be first, for that thereupon dependeth the only good, and that the other circumstances concur—that the untimely end of one do not overthrow the rest.

Now there are inconsistencies and contradictions in this passage impossible to explain on the hypothesis that the whole is genuine. Babington with ten gentlemen and an hundred followers was to undertake the deliverance of Mary, while "six noble gentlemen," all his private friends, were to despatch Elizabeth. But we have proof that Babington himself was included in the six. How then could he propose to be at one and the same time in London, and at Chartley, which was one hundred and thirty miles away? This is inexplicable. But strike out the two passages relating to the murder of Elizabeth, and all runs smoothly. Is there not solid ground, therefore, for regarding them as interpolations? Then be it remembered that the alleged copy which was produced, and is preserved, came from the office of Walsingham, the original having passed through the hands of Gifford and Gregory, and undergone the manipulation of Phelippes. Who shall guarantee that the decipherer faithfully rendered the ciphered letter, that the copy truly represented the original?

And yet it is upon this suspicious document, and Mary's alleged letter in reply to it, that the charge against her of having sought the life of Elizabeth entirely rests!

We cannot do more than refer to Mr. Hosack's able discussion on the correspondence between Walsingham and Gifford at this critical period,⁶ but must pass on at once to the consideration of Mary's reply to Babington's communication, written July 17, 1586. Mary certainly did reply to Babington, and that reply passed into Phelippes' hands; it was deciphered, and the copy was soon in Walsingham's possession. Was the copy a true and faithful copy, or was it weighted with interpolations? And if interpolated, were the interpolations made before it passed into Walsingham's hands, or afterwards? The letter, which is of considerable length, consists of careful instructions for organizing an insurrection, and making war upon the Queen of England. This would have been sufficient to bring a subject to the scaffold. But Mary was not a subject; something more was necessary to bring her within the scope of the late act. To be a party to the plot against Elizabeth's life would bring her within the statute.

Does Mary's letter contain any intimations of the knowledge of or assent to such a project? The copy that was produced at Fotheringay certainly does; but were these passages in the original, or were they interpolations? We will call upon our readers to exercise their own judgment on the chief passages in question.

The affairs being thus prepared, and forces in readiness both within and without the realm, then [shall it be time to set the gentlemen on work, taking good order on the accomplishment of their design], I may be suddenly transported out of this place, and meet without tarrying for the arrival of the foreign aid, which then must be hastened with all diligence [now for that there can be no certain day appointed for the accomplishment of the said gentlemen's designment, to the end others may be in readiness to take me from hence. I would that the said gentlemen had always about them, or at least at Court, divers and sundry stout men, furnished with good and speedy horses, as soon as the design shall be executed, to come with all diligence to advertise me thereof, and those that shall be appointed for my transporting; to the end that immediately after they may be at the place of my abode, before my keeper can have advertisement of the execution of the said designment, or, at the least, before he can fortify himself within the house, or carry me out of the same. It were necessary to despatch two or three of the said advertisers by divers ways, to the end if one be stayed, the other may come through; at the same time it were needful to assay to cut off the posts ordinary ways].

Mary did not deny that she had sanctioned the projected invasion, but she did earnestly deny any participation in the

⁶ P. 353.

plot against Elizabeth's life. Clearly in the face of the above passages within the brackets, if they were genuine, she would only have covered herself with confusion by such denial. But in the words of the record,⁷ after Babington's letter had been read to her at her trial, she

Denied that she had ever received any such letter from him, or that she wrote any such letter to him, or that she was privy to his conspiracies, or that she did ever practise, compass, imagine, or was privy of, anything to the destruction of her Majesty, or to the hurt of her person, confessing nevertheless that she had used Babington as an intelligencer for her, and for the carrying of letters and packets; and she added, further, that she was not to be charged but by her word, or by her writing, and she was sure the neither, the one nor the other, to lay against her.

And turning to Walsingham, she said, that it was an easy matter to counterfeit ciphers, and she much feared that he had had recourse to this device, for she had reason to believe that he had conspired as well against her life as against that of her son.

We would ask these our readers carefully to read over the above extract from Mary's alleged letter, first with the passages within the brackets, and then again without them, and then to form a judgment as to which reading runs most easily and naturally, and to give an unbiassed answer as to whether the intrinsic evidence of the letter is most in favour of Mary's innocence or Phelippe's, not to say Walsingham's, guilt? To us it seems well-nigh impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the passages in brackets never formed part of Mary's original letter.

But this is not all. We add one other extract.

This is the plot that I think best for this enterprise, and the order whereby we shall conduct the same for our common security; for stirring on this side before you be sure of sufficient foreign forces, that were for nothing but to put ourselves in danger of following the miserable fortune of such as have heretofore travailed in the like actions; and if you take me out of this place be well assured to set me in the midst of a good army, or some very good strength, where I may safely stay till the assembly of your forces, and arrival of the said foreign succours. *It were sufficient cause given to the Queen, in catching me again, to inclose me in some hold, out of the which I should never escape*, if she did use me no worse, and to pursue with all extremity those that assisted me, which would grieve me more than all the unhappiness would fall upon myself.

Had Mary when she wrote this forgotten the previous passage, supposing it genuine, in which she gives directions

⁷ *Hardwicke State Papers*, i., 244.

for the death of her adversary ; or had the interpolators overlooked the latter passage when they inserted words which would lead Mary into the contradiction of expressing the fear that her rival, whose death she had secured, would catch her again, and doom her to perpetual imprisonment ?

Mr. Froude⁸ has given a "condensed" version of Mary's letter, and he condenses it after his own peculiar fashion. His process of condensation has altogether eliminated this paragraph in the letter in which Mary expresses her dread that any failure in carrying out their plans may involve both herself and her friends in greater troubles at the hands of the dead Queen. He suppresses all mention of it. No doubt this will be considered fair and just, according to the new canons of historical composition on which Mr. Froude's *History* appears to be constructed. To all common notions of fairness and justice such handling of grave documents is plainly repugnant.

The intrinsic evidence of forgery as regards the disputed passages is equally strong as the extrinsic evidence. Father Morris discusses it very fully, but we must reserve our remarks upon it for the brief notice that we shall be able to give of Mary's trial at Fotheringay.

There are three copies of Mary's letter in existence in the Record Office, one in French and two in English, the French copy bringing out the evidence of forgery even more clearly than the English. Neither the original nor the copy of the cipher has been preserved. But there is a postscript in cipher, bearing on its back, in the handwriting of Phelippes, the following indorsement, "The postscript of the Scottish Queen's letter to Babington." It is to the following effect, "I would be glad to know the names and qualities of the six gentlemen which are to accomplish the designment, for that it may be I shall be able, upon knowledge of the parties, to give you some further advice, necessary to be followed therein, as also, from time to time, particularly how you proceed, as soon as you may, for the same purpose, who be already and how far every one privy hereunto." Moreover, an alteration has been made in the postscript. After the word "therein," the following passage was originally inserted and then erased ; but it is still legible : "and even so do I wish to be made acquainted with the names of all such principal persons as also who be already as also who be."⁹

⁸ *Hist.*, xii., p. 144.

⁹ Hosack, p. 368.

Now in the first place in none of the eight contemporary copies, including those in the Record Office, and that which was produced at Mary's trial, was this so-called postscript found. It is not stated that it was found amongst Mary's papers seized at Chartley; it is not mentioned in the correspondence of Phelippes and Poulet; it was not produced at the trial, nor ever mentioned in previous communications; it is not included in the copies of the Babington correspondence sent over to Paris by the English Government; and the fact may be added that the cipher indorsed by Phelippes does not bear the mark of Curle's undoubted work. But if it was genuine, why was it not produced? It is clearly an original paper and not a copy. The alteration in it is not the error of a copyist, but is the deliberate substitution of one passage for another, which the author alone could have made.

We can only suppose that this postscript was fabricated by Phelippes with the view of attaching it to Mary's letter to Babington; but on second thoughts, inasmuch as Mary had tacitly condemned the attempt against Elizabeth's life, assuming that such a project was really submitted to her, by her silence with respect to it in her genuine reply, it was thought better to abandon the postscript plan, and incorporate the criminating matter in the body of the letter, as it is contended by Mary's defenders was actually done. This is the view taken alike by Tytler, Father Morris, and Mr. Hosack. It may over and above be added that even in Camden's time the postscript was looked upon as a forgery; for he tells us it was "craftily added in the same cipher" to the letter sent to Babington. "*Subdole additum eodem caractere postscriptum, ut nomina sex nobilium ederet, si non et alia.*"¹⁰

Mr. Froude has a theory by which he attempts to explain the existence of this postscript. "A note," he says, "from Curle to Emilio (Gilbert Gifford), explains the mystery. Some 'addition to the letter had been sent by mistake.' It had perplexed Emilio, who had written to ask what it was and what he had to do with it." In a letter dated August 7, Curle replies, "I doubt by your former, which I found some difficulty in deciphering, that myself have erred in setting down the addition which I sent you through some haste I had then in despatching thereof. I pray you forbear using the said addition, until that against the next I put the whole at

¹⁰ *Annales*, p. 438.

more leisure in better order, for your greater ease and mine."

This "addition," according to Mr. Froude, was the postscript in question, which in consequence of Curle's letter, was not forwarded to Babington.

"But," replies Mr. Hosack, "Gifford was at this time in London; and assuming that Curle's letter had been sent off as soon as it was written, it could not have reached London in less than two days—that is to say, before August 9. But Babington received Mary's letter on August 8; so that the postscript, if sent, must have been delivered before Curle's letter reached Gifford. But as no postscript was ever produced, we may conclude that none was sent.

"There is another point to be considered. If the postscript was genuine, it would have been in Curle's hand, which it certainly was not. There are in the Record Office numerous ciphered letters of Curle.¹¹ They are easily distinguishable, from the singular neatness and beauty of the characters. The ciphers of the postscript are written in a rough careless hand, totally unlike that of Curle; but they bear a strong resemblance to that of Phelippes. There is preserved in the Record Office a specimen of the ciphers of Phelippes, and although it would be rash to express a positive opinion upon the subject, their resemblance to the ciphers of the postscript is obvious.¹²

Father Morris gives a further test of the accuracy of Mr. Froude's theory.

Let the reader test this theory of Mr. Froude's by substituting the word *postscript* for *addition* in the fragment of the letter quoted by Mr. Froude, and he will at once see that the letter is turned into nonsense. This is an evident proof that Curle's description does not "apply exactly to the postscript." How could Emilio, whoever it was who passed under that name, or Barnes, "forbear *using* the said *postscript*"? Or how could Curle "put the whole *postscript* at more leisure in better order for Barnes' greater ease and his own"? Indeed, how was Barnes to know which was letter, and which was *addition*? Did he carry open letters to Babington, and was he possessed of the key to decipher Babington's letters?¹³

Father Morris then proceeds to show that this *addition*, so far from being a *postscript* to a letter, formed in fact no part of any letter at all, but was simply a supplement of the cipher by which Emilio communicated with Curle. This supplement to the cipher or alphabet had been written down in haste, and

¹¹ See *Mary Queen of Scots*, vols. xvii., xviii., xix.

¹² Hosack, p. 369.

¹³ P. 239.

Curle therefore concluded there must in consequence have been some error in it. He therefore prayed Emilio to "forbear the using of the said addition, until that against the next, he should put the whole at more leisure, in better order as he hoped to do, both for Emilio's greater ease and his own," for Curle states in the former part of this same letter that he "found Emilio's letters difficult in deciphering, and therefore some points less intelligible than he wished." "But," adds Father Morris, "we are not left to deductions. Curle says to Emilio, July 17, 'Herewith is the *addition to the alphabet*;' and Emilio answers, July 20, 'I received your alteration of the alphabet. . . . I wish for great expedition also in writing that you would assign special characters for a number of the most common words.' Curle answered, July 22, 'With my next, I shall do my best to satisfy you touching the other characters.'"¹⁴ Surely Mr. Froude's theory is sufficiently disposed of.

We must pause here, for we trust that we have put our readers sufficiently in possession of the actual position of things on the eve of the publication of the Babington conspiracy. At this point the curtain was drawn up by the invisible stage managers, and England roused to savagery or cowed into tameness by a new sensation. Soon after, Babington and his associates, whose generous youthful natures had on any hypothesis, been so shamefully practised upon, paid the penalty of their ill-regulated zeal on the scaffold. Their execution was accompanied by exaggerated circumstances of cruelty and brutality. One after another they were suspended from the gallows, cut down and disembowelled while alive, and treated with indignity, as in Savage's case at least, that decency compels us to hide.

T. B. P.

¹⁴ P. 241.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Monastic and Conventual Institutions ; their legal position, property and disabilities.*
By Hugo J. Yong, B.A. Burns and Oates.

It would be difficult to ascertain how many persons there are in our two Houses of Parliament who are worthy of the lofty name of statesmen ; but we may safely venture to affirm that there is not one of the number who does not view with shame and dislike the foolish and vexatious measure which has been laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Newdegate, and which, for all that we know, may possibly receive the support of a large portion of one, if not of both, of the great parties into which English politicians are divided. We call it a foolish and vexatious measure, for, in accordance with the poet's dictum about certain people who "rush in where angels fear to tread," it is pre-eminently foolish to meddle with delicate and burning questions when there is no present hope of settling them on grounds of justice and equity, when the actual positive law is in a state of barbarous anomaly, pressing upon a certain class of the community with a severity which would be unendurable but for the practical evasion of the letter of the statute-book, while at the same time the public mind is under the influence of so much prejudice that even real statesmanship would find it a hard task to carry a just and satisfactory measure of relief. The attempt now made is not, indeed, made in any spirit of justice, it is not an attempt at relief at all, but at persecution. But even in that light, it is a foolish attempt, because it springs simply from bigotry and old women's fears at which the reasonable portion of the community laugh, however they may vote. The measure is vexatious also ; it is based on the existence of no public evil or danger, and it is brought forward in defiance of the conclusions arrived at by a Committee of the House of Commons four years ago, when Mr. Newdegate made himself sufficiently ridiculous by his ignorance, his pertinacity in pursuing irrelevant questions, and his hopeless unfairness. It is designed for no good, but simply to annoy a few hundreds of her Majesty's subjects, most of them ladies, whose lives are devoted to religion and works of charity, who will be put to considerable anxiety whatever be the fate of Mr. Newdegate's Bill, and to more than anxiety if it should succeed. Were they any

power in the State, this chivalrous gentleman would be afraid to touch them, as he has been afraid to include Ireland within the operation of his measure. But it is not worth while to say much more about the spirit and object of the Topcliffe of the nineteenth century.

We return to the thought with which we began, and we repeat that the appearance of Mr. Newdegate's measure with, as it seems, a better chance of success, on account of the state of parties, than has before waited upon similar productions of the same gentleman, is something which may well fill English statesmen with alarm and dislike. The reason of this is nothing that belongs to the nature of the difficulty in itself. It is quite certain that the condition of our statute-book as to the matters which are the subject of this measure, is altogether unsatisfactory and even disgraceful. Nor can any English statesman who does not want to reverse the whole policy of the country for the last half century, and at the same time to rekindle the flame of religious strife and persecution, to weaken the Empire by internal division, and alienate the hearts of large masses of her Majesty's subjects from the Government under which they live, have any doubt at all as to the line which should be taken, if legislation takes any line at all on the subject. There is not the slightest need for the inquisitorial investigation in which Mr. Newdegate is perhaps already revelling in imagination. There is not the faintest pretext for routing out convent after convent and cross-examining Abbesses and Superiors as to their property, any more than as to the domestic arrangements and private life of their communities. The terrors of the law, the "constables, peace officers, keepers of prisons, and other public officers," who are to "obey and execute" the commands of the Commissioners, will fail to elicit anything new as to the status and condition of religious communities in England. The proposed inquiries may, as we have said, cause all the vexation and annoyance, or even more, which the designers of this Bill contemplate with so much avidity, but they will add nothing but details to the picture, the main features of which are abundantly known already. We will venture to say, that, except as to personal and local details, no Report of the Commissioners which it is now proposed to arm with such extraordinary powers, will add anything to such knowledge of the subject as may be found by a perusal of the evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1870, if such perusal be supplemented by a careful reading of the single pamphlet on the subject which now lies before us. Mr. Yong points out most ably the facts as to the present exceptional position of Catholic institutions, and especially the effect of the unrepealed penal laws and of the Catholic Emancipation Bill itself on Monastic and Conventual communities, as regards their tenure of property. He makes it quite clear that the members of Monastic and Conventual bodies are under disabilities and even penalties which affect no other class of subjects of the crown of England, and that the only true and just policy which can now be pursued, would be that of entirely repealing the laws which thus press

upon them. We can hardly desire a more complete and fair statement of the question.

No new investigations, then, are required in this matter, and if it were possible to pass through Parliament a Bill which would put Catholics, and especially the members of religious orders, on a footing of simple equality with the rest of their fellow-citizens, English statesmen would have no need to feel troubled at the movement of the controversy by Mr. Newdegate. Unfortunately, statesmen know too well how impossible it is for such a measure to be carried at the present moment, and they must therefore be very desirous to see the obnoxious question well let alone, both for the sake of their own political parties and of the higher interests of social peace. The members of religious orders in this country do not clamour for relief, they manage to subsist fairly well, though in continual danger as to their property, and in no single instance, as far as is known, have the persecuting clauses, which were inserted in the Emancipation Act, been put in force as regards them. This alone is a sufficient proof of the absurdity of such legislation. Now, however, an English country gentleman comes forward with a measure which, if it does anything, will throw the whole question into fresh confusion to no purpose whatever. It is a thoroughly retrograde measure, for its whole aim and scope suppose the active operation and living force of the old penal laws, of which all fair-minded Englishmen are thoroughly ashamed, though they have not had the courage to repeal them. It is also, as we have said, a measure of persecution, because if the Commissioners, whom it is to appoint, do anything at all, in the exercise of the inquisitorial and coercive power with which the Bill would invest them, they must force a large number of Englishmen and Englishwomen to come forward and declare that they are living in contravention and under the ban of laws, the existence of which is discreditable to the country; the provisions of which in many instances, no one would ever dream of enforcing, but which are nevertheless, in other instances, extremely oppressive to those whom they deprive of that protection and defence which form one of the most cherished portions of the native rights of the citizens of a free country.

When the present Prime Minister of England first occupied the high position which he has now again won, he lamented that just as he came into power the question of the Irish Establishment came to the surface, after lying half hid for so many centuries. He may, perhaps, secretly lament that circumstances should appear to be forcing on him another question which must some day be settled, the question of the full repeal of all that remains of Catholic disabilities. It is, no doubt, a question which it may be very inconvenient and very distasteful to Mr. Disraeli to have to settle, and we should not be surprised if we were to hear it whispered that the Government will be only too glad if the fluency of Irish members should talk Mr. Newdegate out, or if—what is, perhaps, far more likely—his own almost inconceivable prosiness should talk the House of Commons out, and leave him with so small an audience as to

necessitate the abrupt termination of his debate. We do not deny that there are many occasions when a question had better be silently shelved than formally fought out. But is this the way in which a matter like that before us should be dealt with? We venture to think that it is not. It is a matter, which when once mooted, ought to be taken up by the Government, and settled in the way that becomes the Parliament of England. The Catholics of our country are but a handful, but they have won the respect of their fellow-countrymen on a hundred occasions, and, most of all, when they have been most straightforward and courageous in vindicating their just rights. They desire to receive their rights, not by a trick or by an understanding, not by the tactics of debate, or the forms of a parliamentary assembly, but from the fair play and honest justice of their countrymen. Mr. Yong well says, at the end of his pamphlet, "This is neither a political nor a religious question, but it is a question of toleration and English fair play. It is on this latter ground that we would approach the subject, and it is upon this ground alone that we would have it decided. When we consider the fame of the English character, which is supposed to countenance nothing but fair play, . . . we blush to see it stop short, and suffer this blot to exist. The present system is a disgrace to the land, and, if it were amended, it would not only be a gift of that which is not rightly withheld, but it would be act of justice reflecting honour upon the Parliament and the country which decreed it."

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2. *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothnia, and an account of the rescue of the crew of the Polaris.* By A. H. Markham, R.N. London: Sampson, Low, and Marston, 1874.

The volume before us may be usefully consulted by those who take an interest in what we must call Arctic literature, as a sort of supplement to the work of Mr. Markham's namesake, the *Threshold of the Unknown Region*, which was noticed in these pages a few months ago. It will also give anybody who feels inclined to know all about the adventurous, but somewhat unsavoury, details of the whale fishery, a very fair account of the whole subject. Mr. Markham went out last year in the *Arctic*, one of the Dundee steam whalers, and saw the whole work of a good and active season. The *Arctic* went as far north as the North Water at the entrance of Smith's Sound, and after passing up Lancaster Sound, reached her furthest westerly point off Cape Garry, at the head of the Gulf of Boothnia. In her way homewards she fell in, off Cape Crawford, with the *Ravensraig*, which had on board the fourteen survivors of the crew of the famous *Polaris*, of which we have already made honourable mention. Half of these survivors were brought to England in the *Arctic*, and the full detail of the expedition of the *Polaris* are thus well known to us.

It seems strange that a little screw gun-boat should have been the vessel to reach the highest northern latitude yet attained, as far as is

known, by civilized man. That the fact should be so reveals how much an Arctic discovery must always be dependent on the chances of weather and season. Indeed, it appears to have been quite within the range of possibility that the *Polaris* might have achieved a far more memorable success if she had been in the hands of a practised Arctic voyager. "The most striking fact connected with the voyage," says Mr. Markham, "is that the *Polaris*, in August, 1871, went from Cape Shackleton to her extreme northern point up Smith Sound, in $82^{\circ} 16' N.$, in five days, and even then she was stopped merely by loose floes, through which a powerful vessel like the *Arctic* could easily have forced a passage. I was, indeed, informed that the *Polaris* was stopped by a very insignificant stream of ice, which, in addition to its offering no real obstruction, had a clear lead through into open water, with a magnificent water sky as far as could be seen to the northward. Hall was most reluctant to turn back, but being no sailor, and having no experience in ice-navigation, he thought he had no alternative but to follow the advice of his sailing-master, Captain Buddington."

The sailing-master evidently feared that if they went further north they would never get back again. Perhaps they might not, but it is impossible not to regret the omission of the attempt. The floes in Smith Sound seemed all to be the formation of a single winter, and no large icebergs were seen in higher latitude than 80° . The crew of the *Polaris*, from their highest point in $82^{\circ} 16'$, saw land to their north and west, which seemed to extend two degrees from them. They seem to have determined the insularity of Greenland, and to have seen, though they did not reach, the point ($82^{\circ} 30'$) where the coast turns away to the eastward from the waters of Smith Sound. The land on the opposite side, called Grinnell Land, seems to run north only a little further than Greenland, and then to trend away to the west. From this point land is visible over an intervening sea, at the distance of sixty miles. If it be true that the drift-wood, which is washed up in great quantities on the shores of Grinnell Land, must come from Siberia, it would appear that the Polar Sea cannot be far from revealing itself at last, though the hypothesis of an open basin round the North Pole seems now to be considered as visionary. The tidal waves from the north and from the south meet at Cape Fraser, on the coast of Grinnell Land.

One of the least pleasant fruits of an Arctic voyage of discovery, as of true discoveries in so many branches of science, is to upset the statements of former pioneers in the same line of labour. "As regards the work of previous American expeditions in Smith Sound," says Mr. Markham, "I was informed that all the coast-line laid down by Hayes, and the 'open polar sea' of Kane, are quite imaginary. Morton, the steward, who is said to have discovered the wide, immeasurable ocean, was on board the *Polaris*, and we brought him home in the *Arctic*; he an Irishman, from Dublin, and a very good man, and he took the mild chaff that was levelled at him about his famous 'open polar sea'

very good-humouredly. Cape Constitution of Kane has been determined to be about fifty miles south of the position formerly assigned to it by that explorer, and the entire coast-line must be placed considerably further to the eastward. Dr. Bessel satisfied himself of the existence of the United States Sound of Hayes, on the west coast of Smith Sound, and is impressed with the belief that a passage may be made through it into the Polar Sea, which would establish the insularity of Grinnell Land." The result to which all this seems to point, is that the Polar regions consist of a vast archipelago sown with large islands, the united areas of which would equal a magnificent continent, while their configuration and relative positions, if they were under a temperate climate, would make them the scene of much stirring history. They would be the finest islands in the world, and there they lie in everlasting winter, apparently never to be inhabited, cultivated, and made the home of Christian nations. Animal life, at present, is far from extinct. "In the latitude of the winter quarters of the crew of the *Polaris*, musk oxen were met with, and twenty-six were shot. Foxes and lemmings were also seen, but other animals were comparatively scarce, and only one bear was seen during the whole year. Narwhal and walrus were not seen to the north of 79° , but seals were obtained up to the extreme point in $82^{\circ} 16'$. They were of three kinds, namely, the common Greenland seal, the ground seal, and the fetid seal. The bladder, or hooded seal, was not met with. On the western side of Smith Sound, it was stated by the Etah Esquimaux that Ellesmere Land abounded with musk oxen, and, judging from the configuration of Grinnell Land, the same abundance of animal life is to be found there also. The birds all disappeared during the winter, though ptarmigan and a species of snipe made their appearance early in the spring, and in the summer all the genera found in other parts of the Arctic region were abundant. With the exception of a salmon seen in a fresh-water lake not far from the beach, no fish were met with. The contents of the stomachs of the seals they caught were found to consist of shrimps, and other shell-fish."

The separation from the rest of that part of the crew of the *Polaris* which made the famous voyage on the ice-floe, was a strange accident. The ship was so sorely beset by the ice, after drifting out of Baffins Bay, that "provisions and boats were landed on the ice to provide for the worst. Suddenly the ship broke out, and flew before the wind at the rate of ten or eleven knots, leaving nineteen hands on the floe, men, women, and children, with the boats and provisions. The weather was very thick, and the ship was leaking badly, so she was run on shore near Lyttelton Island, just inside Smith Sound." There the part of the crew left on the vessel passed the winter of 1872-73, and in the early summer they made two boats out of the bulwarks and other timber, and after more than a fortnight's navigation were picked up by the *Ravenscraig*, twenty-three miles S.E. of Cape York. "During the boat voyage they encountered no special dangers or hardships. The greatest inconveni

ence they experienced was the want of tobacco. They consoled themselves by smoking tea, which they say was a very fair substitute." Could not some of our friends at home who, without half the excuse which can be pleaded for the crew of the *Polaris*, would agree with them in declaring that the want of tobacco would be the greatest possible inconvenience, be persuaded to smoke tea instead? The effect would probably be highly appreciated by that unfortunate half of the human race who do not smoke themselves, or admire the habit in others.

We fear that our remarks have floated off like half the crew of the *Polaris*, very far from the whale fishery and its details, of which we can only now find room to speak as being now and then extremely amusing as well as interesting. Altogether Mr. Markham has given us a very entertaining volume.

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3. *Sin and its Consequences.* By the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Westminster. Burns and Oates, 1874.
 4. *The Supernatural Life.* Conferences by Mgr. Mermillod. Translated by Lady Herbert. Washbourne, 1874.
 5. *Sermon preached at the Month's Commemoration of the Right Rev. William Keane, Bishop of Cloyne.* By his Grace the Most Rev. Patrick Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel. Dublin: Duffy, 1874.

Sermons, as we have often remarked, and especially the sermons of Bishops, are hardly included in the ordinary subjects of literary criticism. We must therefore deny ourselves the pleasure of dwelling upon the late volume of the Archbishop of Westminster, containing a series of sermons which will, we think, always rank very high, even among the works of the same author. The second volume on our list consists of a number of Conferences preached to ladies in retreat by Mgr. Mermillod, translated by the fluent and graceful pen of Lady Herbert of Lea. The sermon preached by the Archbishop of Cashel on the late Bishop of Cloyne is so much of a biography of one of the first Irish prelates of our time, that we may treat it as a narrative, at least so far as to give our readers a couple of extracts from it. Here is an account of the earlier years of Dr. Keane—

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane was born of respectable parents in the parish of Imogeela, near Castlemartyr, in the year 1805. Having received his preliminary education at home, he went at an early age to prosecute his ecclesiastical studies in the Irish College of Paris, where, after making diligent progress in all manner of learning and in the virtues proper to the state to which he aspired, he was promoted to the priesthood in the year 1828, not being yet of the canonical age. If young in years he was already old in virtue, according to the words of Wisdom, "Venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years, but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age."¹ By careful culture the young priest had so improved his high natural gifts as to be at his early age at once an accomplished man and a finished ecclesiastic. His piety, his prudence, his high scholarly attainments, pointed him out as a fit

¹ Wisdom ix. 8.

and proper person to fill the responsible offices of Vice-President and Professor of the Irish College of Paris, the onerous duties of which offices he discharged in such a manner as to win golden opinions from all, whether Superiors or students, and to leave after him a name which time will never efface from the traditions of the College. It was during his stay in the Irish College as student and professor he laid up that store of knowledge, as varied as it was profound, upon which in after life he was able to draw, and to which in the midst of the most laborious pastoral duties he was constantly adding. Called home to his native diocese to labour as a missionary priest, he passed through all the gradations of clerical life, being first a curate for a time in Fermoy, afterwards parish priest for some years in Middleton, always a model of every priestly virtue; and, wherever his lot was cast, he entwined himself into the affections of the people and left after him the odour of a saintly life. Chosen by his bishop and immediate predecessor, Dr. Murphy, to be his theologian at the National Synod of Thurles, he was distinguished among the many distinguished Irishmen, prelates and priests, present in that august assembly, which will ever be memorable in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. Dr. Murphy, a prelate as large-hearted as he was zealous for the glory of God and the good of religion, conceiving that the dioceses of Cloyne and Ross were too extensive, and, from their geographical position, inconveniently situated to be governed by one and the same bishop, applied to the Holy Father for the restoration of the ancient diocese of Ross as a distinct see, in which application he was supported by the metropolitan of the province. The application was granted, Ross was erected into a distinct diocese, and its first bishop after its restoration was the Right Rev. William Keane, who was consecrated in Middleton, on the 2nd of February, in the year 1851, by the Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, my most reverend predecessor, assisted by the Right Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, and the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cloyne. Well do I remember the day on which the new Bishop of Ross grasped the crozier for the first time in that vigorous hand of his, and, mitre on head, addressed the people from the platform of the altar, as one having authority. As he stood there and spoke, you could not but feel you had before you one who would be a bishop indeed, nay a bishop among bishops.

Having ruled the diocese of Ross during the space of six years, Dr. Keane was translated to the diocese of Cloyne in 1857, to the great joy of clergy and people, who, judging from all his antecedents, whether as a priest among themselves, or as Bishop of Ross, confidently anticipated that in him Cloyne would possess a bishop worthy to enter into the labour of the lamented prelate they had lost, worthy also to have intrusted to him the happiness of the clergy and people of this great diocese. Their anticipations were fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. Distinguished as Dr. Keane had been all through his priestly career, it was the higher duties devolving on him in the wider sphere of the episcopate that fully brought out the greatness and goodness of his character; for, a great and a good bishop he was in every aspect of character, in every relation in which he stood, towards his brother bishops, towards the bishop of all bishops, the Head of the Church. As he sought only the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the hand of God was with him in everything, and all went well under his happy sway. Schools, convents, churches, religious institutions of every kind, rose through the length and breadth of the diocese, one knew not how; and under his able and enlightened superintendence, St. Colman's College took rank among the foremost of our educational establishments. Convinced, as the Bishop was, of the necessity of religion as the salt wherewith to season all human knowledge and preserve it from the taint of corruption, he employed all the means within his reach to impart to his people the inestimable blessing of a religious education; and at the visitations of the diocese it is incredible what pains he took to see that the youth of both sexes were sufficiently instructed in the knowledge of the Christian doctrine. Mindful of the Apostle's injunction to preach the Word in season and out of season, he did preach the Word to the old and to the young, to the learned

and to the unlearned, with uncommon energy, with true Christian eloquence, the example of his life lending force to every word that fell from his lips. If ever he had to reprove, he knew how to temper severity with mildness, never using the hard word when the gentle word would do, never having recourse to the exercise of authority where a word of admonition would suffice.

And here is a scene which might have happened elsewhere, but which seems nowhere so truly in its place as in Ireland—

Although the people were for some time prepared for the death of their beloved Bishop, when it did come they were overwhelmed with grief, and they manifested it in an extraordinary manner. During the six or seven days he lay in state, from morning to night, old and young, rich and poor, came streaming to the mortuary chapel to take a last look at that face they loved so dearly, and to breathe a prayer to heaven for his sweet soul. And the night before his interment, when he was removed to the temporary chapel at Queenstown for the celebration of the morning's funeral obsequies, never have I witnessed anything to exceed the manifestations of the people's feelings. In the midst of the pelting storm it was a beautiful sight to see them in thousands round about the Bishop's house, with a sea of eager upturned faces rendered visible by the light of the torches they held in their hands. Not heeding either the storm or the rain, there they waited in silence till all was ready, and then they carried their Bishop so lovingly upon their shoulders in a long line of procession with blazing torches to the temporary chapel, where they kept vigil with him all night long till the morning's dawn. The solemn funeral office over, again did they lift him on their shoulders, and carry him through the streets of Queenstown, while thousands of every class, who had flocked in from all the country and the towns round about, swelled the immense procession, and the solemn voices of the clergy chanting the psalms as they went along were given back from the surrounding hills. It was a sight never to be forgotten. They laid the Bishop of Cloyne where he wished and willed to be laid, in his own new cathedral, by the side of Dr. Coppinger, there to rest till the angel's trumpet awakens them both to life on the last day.

6. *The First Chronicle of Æscundune.* By the Rev. A. D. Crake, B.A., Chaplain of All Saints' School, Bloxham. Rivingtons.

A story which popularizes a vindication of the great St. Dunstan, cannot but deserve a word of welcome. What Freeman has done in our time, Lingard had already done thirty years ago. But naturally enough the old Protestant tradition lived on, and it will require yet many years before the saint will stand out as "the great statesman and ecclesiastic of the tenth century."¹ The descriptions of this our country, of its towns, its roads, and of London in the days of the Saxons are very carefully and well executed sketches. The narrative is brilliant, and the flight of St. Dunstan,² and the banquet of Edwy and Elgiva are good instances of the author's power of realizing the past.

In rather amusing contrast to this is the *Ritualistic colour* which is given to some of the conversations, which make us think we are in the company of young Anglican guildsmen of the present day, rather than listening to the talk of our Saxon fore-eldest. Thus, in page 34, of King Edred it is said, that "he likes to hear the service hearty."

Unless some authority is to be found for the statement, it seems unfair to charge St. Dunstan³ with understanding "the affairs of State

¹ Preface, p. vi.

² Ch. xi.

better than those of the heart," and not being able "to understand the young, and" seeming "to have forgotten his own youth." When one has to do with such a thorough scamp as Edwy, whose wickedness finds a still more wicked abettor in Redwold, a good and very wise man may easily be deceived, especially when, as we have reason to believe was the case with St. Dunstan, his early life was stainless. Nor is this ignorance of character confirmed by the sequel of the story.

We cannot suppose boys to know all the story of the Protestant Ritual, and how, for obvious reasons, and spite of most important alterations, the State Religion of England did not dare entirely to eliminate the Nicene Creed, *Sanctus*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Gloria in Excelsis* from her Communion Service. But is it fair to call this an instance of "the Church's holy conservatism,"⁴ when the Holy Sacrifice, from which these were purloined, was by that very Church forbidden and condemned? Or, again, how can the author say that "formal confession of sins was imposed on every penitent by the *religious habits* of the age,"⁵ when it is clear that confession was held to be obligatory just for the same reasons as it is by all Catholics at the present day, a fact clearly shown by Lingard in his *Anglo-Saxon Church*.⁶

Nor can we see how there can be any mistake about the obligation of celibacy in the Saxon Church, especially at the time about which our author is writing. Lingard explains fully the whole question in chapter iv. in the work just cited. Words such as "the secular clergy, as the married clergy and those who lived among their flocks (as English clergy do now),"⁷ imply that the obligation to celibacy was no greater than it is now in the Establishment.

We should have been glad, spite of these and other defects inseparable from any work on Catholic subjects, written by those who are not Catholics, to have recommended this book to our Catholic Colleges, but for a more serious objection we have to find with it. There are passages which may be allowed in Protestant schools, but which we should not like to put before the innocent eyes of a Catholic boy. Though the full guilt of Edwy is very properly concealed, his intimacy with Elgiva, the description of the boy's debauch, need not have been so much dwelt upon; nor was it necessary, or seemly, to make the young profligate cast a sneer⁸ at the virtue of St. Dunstan.

We trust Mr. Crake will avoid similar blots in his future stories. Theological errors are easily prevented by reference to Catholic writers and to Catholic theologians.

7. *True to Trust; or, The Story of a Portrait*. London: Burns and Oates.

A beautiful story, where, as in real life, the most startling events which it records rush quickly by, and, however momentous in their consequences, are often very transient in the outward impression they leave behind. An air of truth pervades the whole tale. Noisy sensa-

³ P. 37. ⁴ P. 66. ⁵ P. 224. ⁶ Ch. vii. ⁷ P. 77. ⁸ P. 51.

tion is carefully avoided ; and the reader feels as if he has learned the history of a family from a file of old documents. The scenes are gracefully sketched in, and without loading the picture with archæological research, the whole reflects naturally the days of persecution with which the story has to do.

Unlike many books whose contents belie their titles, the narrative carries out one idea—the Christian hope of a little girl, whose fidelity to God brings blessings on all around her. We almost suspect the writer is an authoress to whom English-speaking Catholics owe no light debt of gratitude for her many instructive and attractive works in fiction and history.

8. *Histoire de Louis XI., etc.* Par Urbain Legeay, Professeur Honoraire de la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble. 2 tom. Paris : Firmin Didot, 1874.

Like other much abused characters, Louis the Eleventh of France was once in time to meet with his *vates sacer*—his industrious biographer, who would undertake to rehabilitate his memory. M. Legeay's work is the fruit of ten years of incessant labour, and the author did not live to see it published. It is a book full of the most valuable materials, a real monument of industry, and it will be indispensable to any one who may wish to study deeply the fifteenth century, especially as to France. In England we are bound to welcome a work which tends to brush away some of our most familiar historical prejudices. Few characters that have been drawn by Walter Scott stand out from the canvas with more distinctness and individual personality than that of Louis the Eleventh. The portrait is almost as striking as that of James the First in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. *Quentin Durward* will live on, whatever M. Legeay may have done to redeem the character of Louis ; but the author of such a work deserves our deepest gratitude notwithstanding.

9. *La General Lamoricière.* Par H. Keller. 2 tom. Paris, 1874.

M. Keller's Life of General Lamoricière will be welcomed, as we hope, in this country as well as in France. The main outlines of Lamoricière's career are already well known, and we sketched them ourselves in an early volume of this Review (vol. iii., 1865, p. 441), chiefly from an article in the *Correspondant* by M. de Montalembert. But a hero of that stamp certainly deserved a full and elaborate biography from a pen as friendly if not as eloquent as that of Montalembert himself—and the present publication abundantly fills up the gap.

10. *Histoire de Jacques Benigne Bossuet, et de ses Œuvres.* Par M. Réaume, Chanoine de l'Eglise de Meaux. 3 tom. L. Vives. Paris, 1869.

This is a most conscientious and valuable work. There are too many Frenchmen who can bear to hear nothing that tends to diminish

the glory of the "Eagle of Meaux," and whose enthusiasm for his greatness as an orator carries them sometimes too far in their blind admiration for the man. Bossuet was a great and, in many respects, a very good man, but he had some human frailties, and he was brought up under the influence of a bad ecclesiastical tradition. It requires a writer of sound and even severe judgment, to set him before the world in his true character, and this we believe, M. Réaume has done. He himself belongs to a higher and purer school of theology than that which unfortunately entangled Bossuet; or rather, we may perhaps say, the providential course of events in regard to the French Church has extinguished Galicanism altogether. We hope to return to the subject of Bossuet's career on a future occasion, and, meantime, can cordially recommend this as the best life of one of the greatest of French ecclesiastics.

11. *Ebba*. Washbourne, 1873.

The author of this little brochure, who hides his name under the *Ama Nesciri* of St. Bernard (?) has evidently been struck, as a foreigner must be, with the position of religion of England. He has caught very well many of the difficulties which bar the way to the Church in this country. His desire to do good to so many who are living outside the fold, whose earnestness and zeal seem to mark them as privileged children of God, has no doubt suggested the work. Let us hope that coming from a French Catholic, and not from one of that "malignant sect," which Mr. Blunt has so lately described in his *Dictionary* under the head of Roman Catholic, it may get a hearing. The kindly spirit which pervades it is all the more likely to make it be read by Protestants. We may venture to hope that it will also bear fruit on the Continent. Nothing is more to be regretted than the simple ignorance among foreign clergy of what that protean religion which calls itself the Church of England has come to. Even we, who are on the spot, must follow closely its rapid progress. The singular advantage which so many of its clergymen take of this ignorance, makes it a positive misfortune. And therefore anything which helps to open the eyes of bishops and clergy to the position of the High Church in England in face both of its own lawful rulers and of the Catholic Church, confers a real benefit. It is well for them to know that neither cassock, nor priest's hat, nor the latest edition of the *Breviary*, nor a thorough knowledge of the service of the Church prove its possessor to be a priest at all.

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12. *Elements of Philosophy, comprising Logic and Ontology*. By the Rev. W. H. Hill, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Louis. Baltimore: Murphy and Co., 1874.

We have seldom met with a treatise on the abstruse topics with which mental philosophy is concerned, so concise, yet so intelligible

throughout, as this little handbook. The learned professor shows himself thoroughly at home in that scholastic system, which, amongst its other unquestionable excellences, united depth with definiteness of thought, and has left its impress on so many of our modern languages. At the same time, modern schools come in for their full share of notice. We can safely recommend this book, not only to students, but to all who are conscious of the need of accurate notions in an age of so much loose writing and still looser thought. Were any of our self-styled public instructors to take it up, it is just possible that they might discover that a considerable portion of their utterances on religious, ethical, and social topics, labour under the disadvantage of starting from premisses imperfectly realized, for that the terms of which they are made up are either misunderstood or not understood at all. Setting aside the question of the relative truth of its solutions of the several problems the philosopher must needs face, nothing can vie with a good course of scholastic philosophy for training the mind to accurate and consecutive thought, an advantage surely not to be slighted in these days, when we hear so much of free unshackled thought, even from those whose minds are wholly incapable of thinking out a single truth for themselves.

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13. *History of French Literature.* Adapted from the French of Mgr. Demogeot. By Christiana Bridge. Rivingtons, 1874.

This little volume forms a part of a series of Historical Handbooks for the use of Schools, edited by Mr. Oscar Browning, one of the Masters at Eton. French Literature is a wide field, and few Englishmen are capable of pronouncing absolutely on the merits of a work which professes to accomplish the very difficult task undertaken by the author. Still, Mgr. Demogeot is evidently a master on his particular subject, and the translator and adapter has done her work well as well as conscientiously. If this work is too compact and too condensed for the use of scholars—as we are inclined to think that such works too often are—at least it will be found extremely useful by teachers. It is handy, beautifully printed, and furnished with a good Index. We never take up such a volume without feeling a wish that some learned body—it could only be done by a body—would take in hand the compilation of a set of good school books for our Colleges and schools. A good series of Catholic school books would be one of the greatest boons that we could receive.

14. We must find room for a few lines to acknowledge the appearance of several books on which we would willingly spend more space. Unfortunately, Mrs. Crosier's translation of M. Henri Lasserre's *Month of Mary of our Lady of Lourdes* (Burns and Oates) did not reach us till too late for notice last month. The idea is a new one, inasmuch as the *Month of Mary* consists of an abridgement of the author's well

known work on Lourdes, which is here cut up into readings for the several days of May. The translation is excellent. We need hardly say the same of the translation of two tales which appear under the editorship of Lady Georgiana Fullerton—*The Straw-cutter's Daughter*, and *The Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-room* (Burns and Oates). With the last our own readers have already made an acquaintance which they will probably be very glad to renew. *Twelve Tales for the Young* (*ibid.*), by Mrs. Parsons, are sure to be welcome—when did Mrs. Parsons write a tale which was not? Father Lynch, of Ballymena, has done good service by publishing his admirable edition of the *Commonitory of Vincent of Lerins* (Washbourne). *The History of the Irish Wars of 1641*, published by Messrs. M'Glashan and Gill, of Dublin, is a contemporary record by an English Officer in the regiment of Sir John Clotworthy, and will be found extremely interesting to the general reader, as well as to the historical critic.

II.—SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

The Last Congress of the Catholic Committees of France.

(Condensed from *Le Contemporain*, *Revue d'Economie Chrétienne*, for April.)

No more encouraging signs can be seen of brighter days for France than the earnest practical efforts which are being there made by the Catholics of that land to reconquer their country from irreligion. As we have our May meetings, so the Easter recess is turned to account by our neighbours for their assemblies, more pacific, and perhaps more useful than that of Versailles. Science has her meetings, as was this year the Congress of the delegates of the learned societies at the Sorbonne. We have to thank it for giving most interesting details of the state of primary education before the days of enlightenment, before 1789. But the meeting that claims our notice, as it most strongly commands our interest, was that of the various Catholic Committees of France. They have been called into being in great part by the terrible trials which have revealed to all how deep the wretchedness and corruption of France had become under the gold and purple of a libertine empire. At this, the third of its kind, four hundred persons were present, either as delegates or as supporters of the manifold *œuvres*, which were to be there discussed and developed.

M. Chesnelong, the well known Legitimist deputy, was chairman, and many of his fellow-members, and several of the bishops, added substantial support to the proceedings by their presence.

He eloquently insisted, in his opening address, on the duty imperious on every Catholic, to aid God's work on earth by prayer, instruction, and self-sacrifice, pointing to our Holy Father as a glorious example of all the three. "When, in the days of Louis the Fifteenth, the French re-took Dunkirk, an English officer said to his conquerors,

'Messieurs, we shall come back.' 'No,' replied a French gentleman; 'you will never come back as long as God is more pleased with us than He is with you.' To work then, sirs, that God *may* be pleased with us."

The members of the Congress were divided into twelve Commissions, which met every day to hear the reports, to discuss them, and to study any questions laid before them. The work was all cut out for them, as each Committee had some time before received a programme calling attention to the points which seemed most to require their attention. The greatest individual freedom, compatible with practical work, was however left to all, both as to the way in which they should answer this appeal, whether by formal reports or mere expressions of opinion through their delegates; or whether, in fine, perfectly new questions should be started. The public meetings held each evening were, of course, more show than work; though their advantages were obvious, as giving an opportunity to lay before the public the result of the work of the various Commissions. The temptation to go out into rhetorical flights, which entertained more than instructed, and the weariness produced by the contrast when a speaker aimed more at instruction than entertainment, made it felt that it would be a decided improvement if the proceedings of the evening were to consist in delivering the carefully corrected reports, breaking the monotony of the reading by a short address, which would appeal to the heart as the other did to the head; and wherein freedom as to its subject would enable the orator to speak with that *entrain* which is so difficult to get when the matter is not left to one's choice. The following list of subjects, divided among the twelve Commissions, gives an idea of the general scope of the Congress. The *œuvres* of Prayer, the *œuvres Pontificales*, the *œuvres* in general, Charitable Economy (we suppose in contra-distinction to what goes by the name of *political*), the Press, *le contentieux*—Legal defence, Higher Education, Secondary and Primary Education, the *œuvre* of the Observance of Sunday, Christian Art, the Organization of Committees.

The *œuvre* of Prayer included the subscriptions for the National Church of Reparation, to be built on Montmartre in honour of the Sacred Heart. Then came the pilgrimages; the first on the list being one which the Archbishop proposed to Notre Dame de Paris, to make up for the disappointment felt at the announcement that the first stone of the new church could not be laid, as was hoped, on the approaching feast of the Sacred Heart. The *œuvre* of Night Watching before the Blessed Sacrament, that of Night Prayers, which has already gained a great extension, Special Prayers organized by the Committees of French Flanders, to obtain God's blessing on the foundation of a Catholic University in the north of France; these were the chief subjects brought forward by the First Committee.

The chivalrous Alsatian, M. Keller, was intrusted with the *œuvres Pontificales*, now reduced by the force of events to that of Peter Pence. He pointed out, as a spur to activity, the example of Belgium, which,

in comparison with its population, is ahead of France in its generosity to our imprisoned and despoiled Vicar of Christ.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the proceedings was that which had to do with the *œuvres* in general. There was the Union of working men's associations, the means of communication between no less than seven hundred such societies, each of which preserves its perfect liberty of government, while deriving strength and actual help from a common centre. The idea was borrowed from Belgium. Begun only in 1871, the Federation has already forty Committees, which have founded fifty-nine *cercles*, containing nearly nine thousand workmen, leading practical Catholic lives.

The work of these *cercles*, or, as we should call them, clubs, had just held its Special Congress, which had gone fully into various questions as to their organization and government. Their report told how much they had done to aid Missions, to promote lectures and publications for the working classes.

P. de Damas, the well known Jesuit Army Chaplain, laid before the Congress the *œuvre* of Libraries for the soldiers and non-commissioned officers. But far beyond all, the people of Marseilles carried off the palm by the number and flourishing condition of their *œuvres*. An imitation, we suppose, of the work which has been so blessed by the Holy Father in Rome, the Society for the Defence of Catholic Interests, forms the centre round which all the other associations of Marseilles are grouped. Its members raise by subscription an annual revenue of £3,000. Then there is the *œuvre* of Servants, whose object is to meet poor girls at the stations, and see to their being placed in respectable situations; the *œuvre des Saints Touristes*, whose title it is almost impossible to put into English, the members of which are young men, who go about to Mass and to Communion in the different villages round Marseilles, to rouse by their example the faith and courage of their inhabitants. Then there is the *œuvre Hospitalière*—of hospitality, a true revival of the practice of what we have heard a High Church dignitary speak of as a mediæval virtue. It is the charity of St. Philip's Confraternity of the Pellegrini, adapted to the special wants and miseries of our day. It was started by two charitable souls on the Christmas Night of 1872. A decent night's lodging is offered to any who present themselves. Drunkenness is the only absolute bar. Those who bring no papers are only given shelter for a night; those who are provided with them have shelter as long as they require it, provided they observe strictly the rules of the house. It is needless to say that all that concerns morality is strictly attended to. The rule, which is necessarily tight, has its unction from the self-sacrifice and Christian love of those who enforce it. The administrators, sixty-one in all, take their turn at the hospital, awaiting at eight in the evening the entry of the lodgers, reading prayers for them before retiring to rest, and learning from them the history of their want and misfortune. In the first two years of its establishment eight thousand four hundred and

twenty persons, of every nation, religion, and state of life, have received shelter therein. From two to three hundred are there every night. God only knows what a means of grace and salvation this work has been, how many sorrows have been healed, how many children restored to their parents, how many fallen lifted up. The receipts, by charitable donations and subscriptions, have amounted, up to the March of this year, to about £480, while the expenses have been £390.

The Commission of Charitable Economy dealt with various subjects, as for example, the protection of children, begging, freedom in making one's will. M. Harmel, of Rheims, gave a most interesting account of a manufactory which he has founded on Christian principles, and where everything is done to promote the moral and social well-being of the mill hands.

The Commission of the Press naturally had its hands full. The constant warnings of their Pastors and of the Prince of Pastors in days when impious and immoral journalism is sweeping up into the very furthest villages, and bearing down all before it, suggested the foundation of a widespread confraternity whose members would bind themselves to fulfil one of the most patent duties of the present day, the support of Catholic literature and Catholic papers, by carefully observing on this head the prescriptions of their bishops. Canon Schorderet, of Friburg, said that the Catholic Press had the work of a real apostolate, and cited the example of St. Paul, whose ardent letters did in his days, what with the greater spread of primary education in ours, must be done by Catholic journalism. He told how by the humble offerings of even the very poor they are able to support in Switzerland sound and Catholic papers. How to make a good newspaper attractive and saleable was the subject of lengthy discussions. The hawking of immoral and irreligious books, the placing in shop windows of obscene engravings, called for a protest against the languid way in which the law of the land was exerted against such plague-spots. One of the members urged on the assembly the duty of Catholics, headed by their bishops, to take legal steps against the shameless calumnies against Catholics to be found constantly in papers devoted to the Revolution. We may trust the injured party has a better chance of justice than can be hoped for under similar circumstances from a British or Italian jury.

The Congress brought into notice the Bibliographical Society, whose one thousand members through their publications labour hard in the cause of truth; the Society of Popular Works, which takes up the founding of popular libraries for both civilians and soldiers; and the French Tract Society, which it is not wonderful to learn, spite of eight hundred thousand capital fly-sheets already distributed, has been taken, thanks, we suppose, to its name, for a truly Protestant institution.

Above all other subjects, the question of Education in its various forms seems to have taken the most important place, and to have merited the most careful consideration. M. Champeau, of Lille,

narrated what had been done in the north, at Angers, and in Provence, towards laying the first foundations of Catholic Universities.

While various speakers insisted on the necessity of demanding freedom of education, it was wisely observed by one of those present that some sort of nucleus should be first formed which would demonstrate the possibility of the Catholics availing themselves of such liberty, as a step to its acquisition. M. de Bercastel, in a forcible speech full of thoughtful and delicate originality, insisted, as a corollary to the liberty of education, that the Government should give up the exclusive allotment of scholarships—in other words, that competition of free schools and colleges should be rendered possible by their being able to meet those under Government control on fair terms. He showed how under the old *regime*, before the Revolution, secondary gratuitous education was given to forty thousand six hundred and twenty-one students, of which number, three thousand two hundred and forty-nine were holders of burses. In 1803 the Government tried to supply the old gratuitous instruction by founding certain scholarships, these however are only given to those who attend the Government schools. Thus the *lycées* are able to make a decent show, which would otherwise hopelessly collapse, if left to themselves, in presence of the superior moral and intellectual training given by other schools.

As a fitting conclusion to the subject of Education, it was proposed to raise to the worthy founder of the Frères des écoles chrétiennes, Brother Philip, who has so lately passed away, a statue in one of the squares of Paris.

The *œuvre* of the Observance of the Sunday brought up two reports, one suggesting practical ways to obtain their great end, and especially with regard to the officials on the railways. Two companies, those of Orleans and the Eastern Provinces, have already made laudable efforts in that direction. Father Pascal, O.P., was the author of the second report, on the special Masses for men, which seem to have answered admirably in numbers of parishes.

A very carefully written paper was read in behalf of the Eleventh Commission on the plan by which charitable institutions could receive endowments which should be beyond the reach of the law; apparently by forming some system of Companies recognized by the law.

The Commission of Christian Art was eminently practical. The Society of St. John, formed to maintain a sound and Christian tradition of art, naturally was alluded to and its origin and object explained. Plans were discussed as to how to raise the standard of pious prints, where so often devotion is divorced from good taste. The manner of representing the Sacred Heart was also debated. As a proof of their work, the Commission invited all who took part in the Congress to hear a Mass in which pieces of music of the thirteenth century were executed by members of St. John's guild. Apart from the able manner in which it was carried out, all felt that it was a real incentive to piety, and truly deserving the name of Church music.

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* * Some of these Works are not yet published, and will be supplied
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